

NUMBER 426

A Donkey Ride to Abou Seer

A Donkey Ride to Abou Seer.
The donkey ride to Abou Seer is the hardest on the tour. It is through deep sand, and often the tiny donkeys sink until your feet so drag as to impede your progress. You cannot walk. In mercy to your donkey you wish you could. Your study of the poor animal convinces you that you must have great patience. The driver is a model of forbearance; there is always, however, a perfect understanding between donkey and driver. Although the poor beast is continually goaded and his tail twisted to make him go, or else is pushed bodily to right and left, and even seized by the head and lifted to suit the inclination of the master—he bears it uncomplained and seems to feel that he must survive it; he never would be so tortured, if he did not know, and believes that, after all, he is always a "donkey" to his driver. For does he not hear his driver tell the howadji some a hundred times each day?

There are nearly a thousand synonyms in Arabic for donkey, all tender and endearing. And then do I not know that when the noon muezzin sounds the donkey and driver retire to some quiet shade where their loving make ups? I have watched the human members of the firm as he came with the need of a dropped straw for his pet. I never saw a mutual coddling and love signaling and tender understanding in all my experience. It is melting. The boy's face beams with smiles while he calls his donkey pet names in the softest tones; and the homely animal so shakes his head, snaps his eyes, and oscillates his neck as to brighten his humble physiognomy into a happy expression.—Edward L. Wilson in Scribner's.

The "Office Boy" Question.

Our reformers would do well to take cognizance of the "office boy" question. It is no small one, either. It affects every branch of business. It is a difficult thing nowadays to get hold of a good office boy. Out of fifty applicants we must choose three or four will be worth considering. The boys of today seem to lack ambition and initiative. They appear to advance themselves. Most boys, even at the age of 14 or 15, begin life badly provided in the way of education, being poor writers and spellers and knowing nothing of grammar. It is the lack of earnestness that is deplorable. They can keep posted on baseball, horse racing, prize fights, but that's about all they care for.

Occasionally one meets with a bright

boy, quick at figures and intelligent, but these boys develop tendencies which make it unsafe to trust them with money, so great are the temptations to a boy who has not been grounded right when he was at his mother's knee. This is especially the case of city boys who are always the answerers of the question, "What do country boys cannot afford to live on?" The city on \$3 or \$4 a week. Country boys are much more useful than city reared lads, because they have plenty of ambition. If they haven't at first, a few months in the city will arouse it. Alone with a big city a country boy will naturally develop a sense of his own loneliness. He will not do the fault of the small town, he does not think the fault of the smallness of the wages paid, as a business man will pay extra for a good, No. 1 boy. I am afraid the cause lies deeper.—Busi-

Persian Women Out of Doors.

The veil, which is habitually worn out of doors even by the very poor in all great towns in Persia, though its use is not common among the tribes who form at least a third of the Persian population, is fast going by the women as a privilege; it is in fact a domino. The Persian woman out of doors is unrecognizable even by her husband. She sees without being seen, and in the veil it is impossible to detect the age of the wearer. As the Persian lady is nearly always married at a young age, she begins to fade at 27 at latest, and she appears to have been only two months in the whole of Persia.

Polygamy is the luxury of the rich; with the upper and middle classes bigamy

the rule. A man's first alliance is a marriage of convenience, the second her a marriage for love or for the gratification of vanity. When your Persian girls home a second wife there is usually enough of vanity which lasts for a week or two; afterwards is a struggle for supremacy, but it is soon over. Both wives do their best to please the master of the house, but they do not attempt to poison each other, less in very exceptional circumstances. In Persian ladies still believe in the efficacy of love philters, and many an amputation is secretly administered to jealous husbands. Happily, the love philter, though usually composed of terrible ingredients, is quite harmless.—James's Gazette.

To prepare the sardine in its perfection should be boiled alive in oil, like an old fryer. If this cannot be done, then it could be cooked as soon after death as possible. It is alleged against some of the patent nets that the fish dies at once in their pockets and its quality is greatly deteriorated. The manner of cooking is simple. As soon as possible after the fish is caught it is dipped in a kettle of boiling olive oil. Care must be taken that the oil is not burned or used too many times over, and that the fish is not left in it too long. The implement used is made of wire, in two parts, something like a roasting rake, with hinges, the ends being laid over the sides and the other end closed over them, keeping them in place. — San Francisco Chronicle.

The Thrasher and the Whale.

The passengers and crew of the steamer "Akasago-maru," when on her last voyage from this port to Kobe, witnessed a most often talked about but very rarely seen sight.

It was the great sea fight between a thrasher (fox shark) and a whale. An American states that the thrasher first came out of the water close under the bow of the steamer, and, rising fully twenty feet in the air, came down on the back of the whale with a sound that conduced one of the terrible force of the blow. Every time the whale appeared on the surface this scene was repeated, and it continued until the combatants were in sight of fully two miles distant.

Our informant states that the scene was most exciting.—Yokohama Herald.

DESOLATION.

Alone I sit in gorgeous state,
And view my gathered treasures rare,
Which seem to mock my cruel fate—
My lonely lot, so bleak and bare.
Within is wealth and warmth and light,
Close curtains from the whistling wind,
That sweeps and swirls with reckless might,
Whose breath brings death to human kind.
But the cold wind of my deep sorrow
Has blighted all my joy of life;
Within my soul no hope is born—
No rest or peace, but savage strife.
And what care I for pride or fame
Since love from out my life is driven?
All, all is but an empty name—
Ashes the prize for which I've striven.
Dead ashes from a deep despair,
A heart burned out by passion's fire—
O God! she was so false, so fair,
And blind was I with fond desire.
I loved with love that ne'er grows old;
My worship followed where she led;
But, weary of a tale oft-told,
She left me—and the world is dead.

BEYOND REACH.

BY J. E.

CHAPTER III.

In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

March set in mild and genial, and then suddenly changed and became intensely cold. Once more the earth was covered with a white fleecy mantle; once more the icicles hung in a thousand queer shapes and forms on the gabled roof of the old hall. Once more the lake at Hadlow was frozen hard, and firm, and smooth, and thither daily came crowds of gaily-dressed girls, to skim and glide over the clear dark surface.

Whyte Melville said that a woman never looks so well as in a riding-habit, but he might have altered his opinion could he have seen Dorothy skimming light as a bird over the frozen waters.

A high linen collar could never show the delicate curve of her cheek to so much advantage as did the dark costly cables that trimmed the ruby velvet dress she wore, or a stiff tall hat frame so becomingly the ruddy burn hair as did the fur-trimmed toque that was perched so coquettishly on her bright head.

Her costume was perfect, tight and trim—no floating ends to endanger the necks and buttons of passers-by.

The short skirt revealed the pretty feet and curving ankles. For was everywhere, save round the slender waist, and the *scotte* graceful figure was set off to infinite advantage by it.

Her eyes were bright with the excitement and pleasure of the exercise, her cheeks softly flushed. Among many pretty girls she was the prettiest, and Jack was decidedly of that opinion as he held her hands and skated swiftly along by her side.

"Miss Hadlow seems to be enjoying herself," remarked Lawrence Hawthorne to his intended.

"Yes; she skates so well, and it is a delightful amusement," and Miss Bingham sighed just a little.

Since she had accepted the Rev. Lawrence Hawthorne she had given up skating and dancing, and sundry other pleasant things, because he told her that they were not seemly accomplishments for a clergyman's wife, and loving him dearly and truly, she yielded to his wishes; but as she stood beside him on the bank, chilled and shivering, she was longing to put on her skates and go with a swift rush through the keen exhilarating air.

"Is Jack in love with her?" asked her betrothed after a time, during which he had watched his brother-in-law that he was to be closely.

"I think he is," replied Blanche reluctantly.

"And does she care for him?"

"She must, I am sure. But she is quite unconscious of it."

"Rather unfortunate, if that is the case, that she has promised to marry Lord Yarra."

"Yes, I suppose, though, she must marry him," remarked Miss Bingham reflectively.

"Why?"

"Well, you see, Dorothy having had the bad taste to get a girl instead of a boy, Hadlow Hall and all the other property goes away to a cousin of the squire's."

"The best thing would be, then, to marry her to the cousin."

"No; the squire would never do that; he hates Geoffrey Hadlow too much."

"Then he might have given Jack a chance, especially as they care for each other, and he is well enough off not to be a detrimental. It seems to me to be such an unnatural wicked thing for a parent to force a child into a loveless marriage."

"Ah, you must not blame Mr. Hadlow too much. It is hardly his fault, and certainly not his idea, to marry her to the earl," said Miss Bingham quickly.

"Why the idea is it, then?"

"Lady Lovatt's. When her husband died, three years ago, she came to Hadlow, and soon discovered that her brother was living up to every penny of his income, saving nothing for his daughter, and spending large sums in odd curiosities. She expected that with him, but in vain, and finding her lectures and remonstrances of no use, she came to the conclusion that the only chance for her niece was a rich marriage. She invited several noblemen to the Hall. Lord Yarra was the youngest and richest. Finding Dolly was absolutely indifferent to him and his attentions, in his usual way he became mad about her, proposed three times, and was at last accepted by the poor child, who was urged and commanded to do so by her aunt. You know all the Hadlows are brought up to yield implicit obedience to their elders. Dorothy has said 'Yes' because she was told to do so, but she is so young, and has seen so little of the world, that she has no idea what a serious step she has taken, or how terrible a loveless marriage is."

"Poor little thing! I pity her," said Mr. Hawthorne slowly and gently.

"Yes; and I pity her dear Jack!"

"Ah yes! Poor Jack—poor Jack!"

"Are you going up to the Hall again to-day?" asked Miss Bingham the next morning as her brother rose restlessly from the table and flung some bread to the gay-plumaged peacocks that paced up and down the snow-covered terrace below the window.

"Yes. I am going to Dartree first, to get some colts and wools for Dorothy, and then I am going to pass the evening at Hadlow."

"I wish you would not go."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because you will be sure to see Dorothy, and then you will be sure to see her."

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FACTS FOR FARMERS.

REGULARITY IN FEEDING.

In short days and cold weather too many farmers neglect the regular times for feeding stock, and greatly to their injury. When animals become accustomed to eating at regular hours they are quiet between times, digesting their food better, and having less temptation to surfeit themselves by overeating when their fast is broken.

THE RICHEST MANURE.

One of the points in favor of feeding linseed meal is that it makes a richer manure than any of the grains. This and cotton-seed meal make excellent manure, and thus repay the farmer a large part of the expense of feeding. Of the other grains wheat and oats make richer manure than corn. Beans make excellent manure but can be fed only to sheep.

FEED FOR BREEDING SOWS.

Breeding sows should have no corn. It does not furnish the bone material for the pigs the sow is carrying, and therefore only serves to make her too fat and the pigs weakly. Oat meal is excellent, though that with highly bred sows is too fattening. Milk with dish-water from the house, given warm with bran, will be the best feed both for the sow and for the pigs she is to farrow in the Spring.

CLEANING THE CELLAR.

Farmers' cellars are the receptacle of a great amount of vegetable matter, roots, fruit and other stuff liable to decay. It is a great mistake, for health's sake, to leave all this until the Spring cleaning. All kinds of vegetables will keep enough better for hay if their decaying specimens are sorted out to pay for the trouble. Generally, too, in doing this, the farmer can learn some important lessons about the right temperature at which to have his cellars kept for different kinds of vegetables.

SNOW-SHOES FOR WINTER TRAVEL.

The snow-shoe is an Indian invention, and adapted to travel through unbroken woods when deep snows cover the surface of the ground. Wherever beaten paths are made they are not only useless but an incumbrance. It is hard walking with them, as their broad surface makes extra labor for the muscles of the foot and ankle. And yet, for travelling across fields where the natural size of the boot and foot breaks through the crust at every step, the Indian snow-shoe proves a welcome help, enabling the walker to make better time with lighter labor.

WEEDS IN HAY.

Hungry animals can be made to eat even weeds, but it is poor economy to force them to do it. Some weeds have, however, considerable nutritive value. The plantain is nearly as rich as meadow hay, and the white daisy is theoretically worth half as much. The greatest nuisance of weeds in hay is that their seeds pass undigested into the manure heap, and are thus spread everywhere. It is indeed hard luck to a farmer who is unable to draw a load of manure on his land without raising the question whether the weeds he disseminates do not offset the good that the manure itself should do.

WHOLE GRAIN FOR FOWLS.

The digestion of fowls is strong, especially if they have an out-of-door run where they can get gravel or sand with which to grind their food. Whole grain is generally better for them than any ground feed. Sometimes screenings containing weed seed are ground so that they may not pass into the manure heap. There is a little danger of this if poultry eats them, though if the fowls are fed as they should be, they will refuse to eat many kinds of weed seed. It does not pay to try to force hens to eat what is distasteful. Whole grain will give enough more eggs to pay for its extra cost.

STOPPING SEVERE BLEEDING.

If a person or any kind of animal is badly injured and copious bleeding follows, it is often a difficult matter to stop the flow. If an artery is cut bind the limb closely between the hand and the heart, and the bleeding will soon cease. Other blood letting does little injury, though few now believe it has the beneficial effect that old-fashioned doctors used to ascribe to it. Blood is apt to be the most severe in cold weather, as the albumen in the blood does not so quickly turn hard. Small cuts if washed in almost hot water soon form a scab over them, and applying a hot cloth to them serves the same purpose. It hardens the albumen by warmth, just as the white of an egg is made solid by cooking.

CHANGING POULTRY.

Thoroughbred poultry may be, and indeed must be, inbred to a certain extent. But even with this good breeders are careful so far as possible to select different families so that cock and hen shall not be nearly related to each other. But in most farmers' hands this highly bred poultry is crossed and mixed with other breeds, and thus becomes a mongrel, combining bad qualities of both sides. The only way to prevent this is by resolutely killing off the roosters every Fall, and supplying their places with cocks of thorough breed of some kind. It is generally best to keep on in the same strain as the crossing was begun, making the chicks three-quarters or seven-eighths full blood, which for practical use will be as good as thoroughbreds, except for breeding.

COWS EATING AT THE MANURE PILE.

Cows eaten in Winter develop a strangely depraved taste in picking over piles of horse manure for hay and even straw soiled by the urine. They will do this even when fed enough of fresh material of the same kind. It is probably the slightly saline taste that attracts the cow to this unnatural food. If salt does not cure her of it, add a little bone meal and ashes. It is undoubtedly mineral of some kind that the cow is seeking. While bearing young there is a great demand from the cow for bone food to properly form the calf. It is chiefly cows fed on corn.

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JAY GOULD ON HIS TRAVELS.

Bill Nye Receives a Letter from Him for Publication—Odd Bits of History Gathered at Random.

The following private letter and MS. have just been received, and though only signed with the initials of the writer, there are many reasons why I am led to believe that both are the work of an old friend, Mr. Jay Gould, who is at present in the country where the letter is dated:

"AFOAT ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, IN THE GLOAMING, 1887."

"Mr. Wilhelm, 'Continuously,' 'World' Office, N. Y., U. S. A."

"Sir: Would you mind using your influence in trying to get the inclosed piece printed in the *Sabbath World* and send me whatever it is worth in currency by registered mail, care lock-box 291 Rome, Italy? I am not earning anything this winter, being disabled by neuralgia, and so it has occurred to me that I might write some pieces for the paper, telling the sights and sounds abroad. If you print this letter, or use your influence to that end so that it gets into the paper, will you send me two or three copies and I will pay you in a few weeks. But, if you do not use it, I wish you would avoid making memoranda on it with a blue pencil, as several other editors have done, for it annoys me very much."

"Please do not make fun of the piece if you do not use it, as I am threatened with heart disease, and anything that makes me angry is apt to prove fatal. Atrophy of the heart is what it is called, and if I live forty-five years longer it will be about all I can expect, so please do not make light of my piece. Fraternally yours, J. G."

[Communicated.]

For some time we have been sailing o'er the untrilled bosom of the Mediterranean Sea. It is a beautiful sheet of water, which has been ploughed by many a keel as far back as history can inform us. It is from 20 to 200 feet in depth, and is well located to do the principal traffic between Europe and Africa.

An enormous quantity of water flows into the Mediterranean Sea, for a half dozen European rivers contribute to it, and the Atlantic Ocean also discharges its waters into this sea. And yet, owing to the hot, dry winds, which sweep across from the sandy wastes of Africa, the evaporation is very great and keeps the sea from overflowing its banks. This should teach us that even nature abhors a surplus.

Nothing can be more pleasant than a winter of cruising on this great sea on board a high-priced yacht, and I often wonder why so many poor people in New York should stay indoors and suffer all winter when they ought to go out and get the air of refinement which yachting on the Mediterranean alone can bring. The trouble with poor people is that they devote too much time to getting something to eat. Eating is not all that we live for. We should give a part of each year to travel, I think, for it broadens the mental vision and gives one a haughty and disdainful air which nothing but European travel or braving on an elevated train can bring.

I would rather be a good road master of a good yacht on the Mediterranean than to live upstairs in New York.

We visited Milan not long ago. It is an inland town whose southern wall is washed by the Olona River. Otherwise the place is entirely unlauded. Milan, pronounced *Me-lan* by bearing down hard on the last syllable, is a railroad center in Northern Italy. It is eight miles in circumference and has ramparts around it. Milan points with pride to her ramparts. I often think that New York would have more visitors from abroad if she had a better line of ramparts. There she sits in the eye of the world with her graceful Hoboken gondolas skimming the turbid wave; her feet are bathed by the waters of East River, one of the most stately streams, I think, that ever lay outdoors, and yet New York hasn't got a rampart to her beach.

The architecture of Milan embraces many types, but a good deal of it is medieval with a roof of the same. Florence, however, has some places that are mediævaler than those of Milan, I think. Milan used to have 240 churches, but 117 of them did not pay and were suppressed by Maria Theresa and Joseph II. Since that other churches that were doing well a few centuries ago have ceased to attract, and now there are not over eighty out of the original 240, and they have no trouble doing the whole business. I could have purchased a controlling interest in three churches here for \$17. The Cathedral at Milan is first rate in every respect and doing well. I sometimes think that it is foolish for other churches to try to compete with a cathedral. They may succeed for a while, but sooner or later they will have to acknowledge that they cannot keep it up.

Everywhere we go we find the Caucasian race in the ascendant. I sometimes think that the blood of the Caucasian is more largely red and has a wider circulation than any other. But this is a deviation from what I was saying.

The Cathedral was begun in the year 1366, and worked along toward completion till 1805, when Napoleon subscribed quite a large sum towards it and sent his team to haul lumber without charging for it.

Milan is situated in latitude 45.28 north and longitude 9.11 east. There are over 270,000 people now living in Milan, and the place supports one of the most wide-awake cemeteries in Europe. Milan also has a Corso, which I heard many speak of in the highest terms, though I did not go to visit it, fearing that it was some kind of a resort where liquor is sold.

Naples is a pretty good town to stand off and look at from the bay. It is located on the brow of a hill, extending from the Costello del Oro to the top of the Capodimonte, and, ranged around the semi-circular hills

JAY GOULD ON HIS TRAVELS.

Bill Nye Receives a Letter from Him for Publication—Odd Bits of History Gathered at Random.

The following private letter and MS. have just been received, and though only signed with the initials of the writer, there are many reasons why I am led to believe that both are the work of an old friend, Mr. Jay Gould, who is at present in the country where the letter is dated:

"AFOAT ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, IN THE GLOAMING, 1887."

"Mr. Wilhelm, 'Continuously,' 'World' Office, N. Y., U. S. A."

"Sir: Would you mind using your influence in trying to get the inclosed piece printed in the *Sabbath World* and send me whatever it is worth in currency by registered mail, care lock-box 291 Rome, Italy? I am not earning anything this winter, being disabled by neuralgia, and so it has occurred to me that I might write some pieces for the paper, telling the sights and sounds abroad. If you print this letter, or use your influence to that end so that it gets into the paper, will you send me two or three copies and I will pay you in a few weeks. But, if you do not use it, I wish you would avoid making memoranda on it with a blue pencil, as several other editors have done, for it annoys me very much."

"Please do not make fun of the piece if you do not use it, as I am threatened with heart disease, and anything that makes me angry is apt to prove fatal. Atrophy of the heart is what it is called, and if I live forty-five years longer it will be about all I can expect, so please do not make light of my piece. Fraternally yours, J. G."

[Communicated.]

For some time we have been sailing o'er the untrilled bosom of the Mediterranean Sea. It is a beautiful sheet of water, which has been ploughed by many a keel as far back as history can inform us. It is from 20 to 200 feet in depth, and is well located to do the principal traffic between Europe and Africa.

An enormous quantity of water flows into the Mediterranean Sea, for a half dozen European rivers contribute to it, and the Atlantic Ocean also discharges its waters into this sea. And yet, owing to the hot, dry winds, which sweep across from the sandy wastes of Africa, the evaporation is very great and keeps the sea from overflowing its banks. This should teach us that even nature abhors a surplus.

Nothing can be more pleasant than a winter of cruising on this great sea on board a high-priced yacht, and I often wonder why so many poor people in New York should stay indoors and suffer all winter when they ought to go out and get the air of refinement which yachting on the Mediterranean alone can bring. The trouble with poor people is that they devote too much time to getting something to eat. Eating is not all that we live for. We should give a part of each year to travel, I think, for it broadens the mental vision and gives one a haughty and disdainful air which nothing but European travel or braving on an elevated train can bring.

I would rather be a good road master of a good yacht on the Mediterranean than to live upstairs in New York.

We visited Milan not long ago. It is an inland town whose southern wall is washed by the Olona River. Otherwise the place is entirely unlauded. Milan, pronounced *Me-lan* by bearing down hard on the last syllable, is a railroad center in Northern Italy. It is eight miles in circumference and has ramparts around it. Milan points with pride to her ramparts. I often think that New York would have more visitors from abroad if she had a better line of ramparts. There she sits in the eye of the world with

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1888.

Normal Items.

There was a little flurry of excitement at the Normal the other day over the arrival of a big box from W. W. Osband, Ontonagon. Principal, Secretary and the Prof. of Natural Sciences held a consultation over the mysterious affair, and finally concluded to investigate. The package was found to contain neither copper, iron nor dynamite, but a bouncing beaver! Frank Norton has the specimen in hand, and in due time it will find its way to the museum.

The class in Physiology numbers 70. Mondays are devoted to practical lessons, the ladies meeting with Mrs. Osband and the gentlemen with Mr. McLouth for gymnastic training.

In botany the classes are divided into four sections. Four days in the week a section is detailed to do practical work, under the care of Mr. McLouth, with the microscope, while the others attend to recitation. On Mondays a review of the whole week's work is in order.

Professor Dodge of the Detroit High School paid the Normal a visit on Monday.

Miss Post was absent Monday on account of her mother's illness. Principal still took charge of her classes.

Edmund Berrigan has returned to finish the year's work with his class. The reception given the school by the Junior Class on Saturday evening was a pronounced success.

Miss King's class in Ancient History are studying up the Spartan and Athenian forms of government. Good basis for political training.

The monthly pedagogical meeting of the Normal Faculty was held on Monday evening at the house of Prof. Weeks. Prof. Lodeham led the discussion of a paper read by Prof. Putnam at the previous meeting. This was followed by a brief but interesting paper by Prof. Goodison on the "Vantages, or Wandering Scholars of the Middle Ages." Prof. Strong closed the evening with a paper upon the Purpose and Value of Examinations.

On Tuesday morning Rev. Mr. Fairfield conducted chapel exercises, after which Rev. Mr. Stanef of Bulgaria addressed the students briefly on the subject of Bulgarian and Turkish schools. The picture he drew of these schools as they were conducted in his boyhood, when writing was taught by copying letters with the finger in a box of sand, and as they are now conducted under the impulse and help given by the missionaries, was very vivid, and excited the deepest interest. Mr. Stanef was formerly Principal of a Normal school in Macedonia. He is in this country under the auspices of the American Board, and will soon return to Bulgaria as a missionary. He is the guest of Rev. Mr. Fairfield.

All exercises were suspended on the 22d, and the students, without respect to party or nationality, embalmed the name of Washington in the pleasant memories of a holiday.

High School Notes.

Miss Dora Ambrose, '87, visited the school Friday.

Miss Clara Goodspeed taught in Miss Hall's room Monday. She says she had "an awful nice time."

The Paginini Quartette is to take part in the concert to be given at the M. E. church Friday evening.

The advanced German class has finished its year's work.

There are three on the sick list this week—Prof. Hopkins, Miss Zacharias and Miss Ainsworth.

Two of the smallest but very enterprising members of the High School, Messrs. Comstock and Damon, have secured the agency for lawn tennis cards. Tennis with cards is the latest craze, and we predict that they will make their fortunes.

Chelsea.

The republicans met in the town hall Saturday evening and organized an "Alger Club," 174 signers to the call. A. A. Wilkinson was elected president, C. J. Depew, vice president; O. A. Hoffman, secretary; and Wm. Judson, treasurer. A delegation of sixteen was appointed to attend the convention in Detroit, the 22d inst., to form a state league.

Rev. Dan R. Shier will speak in the hall Tuesday evening on local option. So far there has been nothing done here on either side. From present appearances the vote will be about the same as last spring, when the vote was a tie 310 on each side.

The republicans are unanimous in supporting Gen. Alger for President, even those that had tied to Blaine, feel that they have unloaded, and say the success of the party does not depend upon any one man. Give us Alger, Lincoln, Sherman or Allison and Michigan will roll up one of her old-fashioned majorities.

Rawsonville.

John White of Clifton Springs, N. Y., is visiting at W. W. Voorhees.

Mrs. E. D. Owen is visiting her sister in Detroit.

Walter Barlow of Detroit spent Sunday at home.

Addie London is home from Ypsilanti.

Revival meetings continued at the M. E. church with fair success.

Frank Cody and Will Davis of Belleville passed through town Saturday.

They say Bro. Greenman's horse ran away last week under peculiar circumstances. How is it Charlie?

Wade C. Yeckley of Aurora, Ill., spent Sunday with his uncle, W. L. Yeckley.

Our correspondent to the "Commercial" pleads to the voters to get out and vote for local option next Monday. Its all right, Will, but why didn't you go and vote last spring what you advocated.

The latest styles of novelties in jewelry arriving daily at the new jewelry and stationery store of E. L. Hough.

Why Should They be Privileged?

In all lines of business, there are opportunities for dishonest practices to the man who is open to temptation, so laws are enacted and regulations made under which business shall be so transacted as to protect the public from harm. In this there is philosophy as well as practical wisdom. Not only is the community protected, but many a man who, if there were no statute, would weakly fall into questionable practices, is indebted to the statute for a clear and distinct perception of what constitutes right and wrong. In the light of definition and penalty he sees clearly and acts justly. The law is to such a man a school-master to lead him to right dealing. The more directly his calling has to do with human welfare, the more explicit and stringent are the legal requirements. The feed-store must give honest measure; the market must give, not only full weight, but wholesome meat. The dealer in notions is under few restrictions; the dealer in drugs, upon which life or death may depend, is under heavy penalties.

Business men as a rule are law-abiding. To comply, in the line of one's business, with wholesome regulations and to submit to restrictions for the common good, is counted right and fair. To observe these regulations and restrictions is part of a man's public duty, an obligation co-ordinate with citizenship. But to this rule there is one conspicuous exception. There is a class where business has so much to do with the weal or woe of men as to call for more than the usual amount of restriction, who yet deliberately violate all regulations and set wholesome restraint at defiance. There is no need to name the class. Every one will see that the liquor seller answers to this description exactly.

What reason can be given why these men should constitute a privileged class over whom the law has no control? When other men violate the laws, we rank them as criminals, and they are obliged to keep in hiding or suffer punishment; but these men carry on their business in open and flagrant violation of the most explicit laws, and no one interferes. If the liquor traffic were entirely new to us, we should be awake to the magnitude of such evils as preying upon the community and defying the law; but does the frequency of the offense lessen its heinousness? Why should not these men be amenable to law the same as other men, or what ground of complaint have they at the restrictions which it is found necessary to impose upon them? The druggist who sells poison must label it conspicuously, or be liable to a heavy fine. No one counts such a regulation a hardship. And is it unfair, or unreasonable, that the business which produces crime and poverty and great police expenditure should be taxed, and hampered, and restricted, or even destroyed root and branch?

It cannot be too clearly understood, nor too strongly insisted upon, that when men violate the law they put themselves, by their own act, beyond the protection of the law. He who seeks the shelter of the law must first obey the law. If a business which to be at all endurable requires the heaviest restriction will not submit to restriction, men who pursue it must not complain if outraged public sentiment demands its entire suppression. They are without the pale of the law's protection by their own violations of law. Without respect of persons, every violator of the law is a criminal. They have made themselves criminals, in the eye of the law, by their own act; and they have no reason to complain of exemplary punishment.

Willis.

Lester Bissell is able to be out again. Melvin Breining is sick with the measles.

We are happy to say that John Bird appears to be on the gain after an illness of over two months.

Mr. Samuel Porter of Ipsit Dixit is visiting at S. P. Ballard's.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. DeMosh were visiting at Mrs. Emeline Hammond's last Sunday.

J. A. Doty and Peter Gable spent last Sunday at Maybee station.

Jerry Harrington of Whittaker, who has been very sick with inflammation of the lungs, is getting better under the skillful treatment of Dr. J. N. Grey.

Marshall Cutter and John Roberts will give a dance at Dave Russell's hall, Eaton's Mills, next Friday evening, 24th. An oyster supper will be furnished.

Miss Mary Lord is at home again after an absence of several months in New York state.

Mrs. Mary U. Russell and Miss Edith M. Strong were visiting at Samuel Russell's, Superior, last Sunday.

Belleville.

Wm. Smith, of Belden, is in town.

Died, Monday, Feb. 20, of old age, Wm. Crawford, aged 81 years. He was one of Wayne county's pioneers, having come to Michigan in 1833. He leaves a wife and two married children to mourn his loss.

Wm. Davis, of Coleman, is spending a few days with parents.

The boys celebrated Washington's birthday in grand style.

Frank Coy is still very low.

F. L. Thompson, of Ypsilanti, has a singing school of fifty members organized here.

Obituary.

Mrs. Marilda Dean, wife of Wm. M. Roberts, died at her home on Cross street last Sunday morning in the 65th year of her age. She was buried from her home, Tuesday last at 2 o'clock p. m., in Highland Cemetery. Mrs. Roberts was born in Toronto, Ont., and moved with her parents to Canton township, Wayne county, Michigan, in 1837. She was married to Mr. Roberts at Ann Arbor, February 19, 1845, and although sometimes absent for a brief sojourn elsewhere, has always since considered her home in Ypsilanti. She was one of a family of 12 children, nearly all living. Their residence is in Michigan, Illinois, Tennessee and California. In all relations in life she has so discharged her various duties as to win the respect and confidence of the community. She was very domestic in her tastes and considered it of first importance to maintain an attractive and happy home, and her fidelity to that trust was always marked in no small degree. For many years she had been troubled with a cancerous affection of the stomach and yet the disease was so obscure that it seemed to baffle the skill of the best physicians. She leaves no children, and the sympathies of the community will go out toward him who has been so sorely bereft.

Died, Thursday, February 16, 1888, in this city, Millie E. Forsyth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Forsyth, in the 7th year of her age. She was buried in Highland Cemetery. She was a beautiful child, the joy and brightness of the home from which so early in life she is removed. The death of a beautiful child is one of the sad things we are often called upon to record. There are few afflictions that come to parents in this world of mystery, more painful or which under closer ties. The prattle of a child as it moves with untroubled steps among its toys is sweetest music in the home. The heart's purest affection clings to it with an overflowing bounty and its very presence is sunlight and joy amid the weariness of daily toil. During the years of its helplessness, the mother hovers over it as a ministering spirit and watches its budding beauty and its growing powers. How it twines itself among the delicate fibers of the heart, how it captures the very citadel of human love and becomes an element in every paternal thought and purpose. We work for it, we plan for it, we are happy when its stammering tongue first makes known its wants, and elaps it to our hearts when sorrow and pain traverse its innocent face. It is one of the great mysteries of this world, when these little ones are given to us, to woo us away from corroding cares and then when they have entwined themselves in our affections and become the center of our hopes and the delight of our days, they are taken from us. The poignant grief and agonizing cry but poorly measure the intensity of suffering of the desolate and hopeless. Yet who are we who judge of God's purposes and ministrations. There is a ministry of suffering which ennobles and enriches our lives, which fits us to minister to sorrow everywhere, and which refines and beautifies the soul and quickens its instincts in the ways of benevolence and kindly sympathy. In our sorrow we may not see a merciful hand, but when we consider what the future may have had in store for our child we may not grieve beyond the spirit of submission, that our jewel has been transplanted to another realm. The future, it is true, has earth's possibilities of good, but it also has possibilities of evil, and destiny beckons the child, sometimes to one, sometimes to another. It is possible then that the poet had a deeper insight into the sacred mysteries than our rebellious hearts can understand, and that,

"To die young is youth's divinest gift,
To pass from one world fresh into another
Ere chance has lost the charm of soft regret
And feel the immortal impulse from within
Which makes the coming life—oh! always on
And follows it while strong—is heaven's last mercy."

Died, Feb. 3, 1888, of consumption, Katie C. Helzer, wife of Charles F. Tuller of Willis. Katie was born in Ohio, Jan. 12, 1859, and was married Feb. 2, 1886. She has been a consistent member of the Lutheran church since childhood, and was highly esteemed by her neighbors and friends. She leaves a little boy fifteen months old, the light of her life, the joy of her heart. He is being tenderly cared for by her sister, Louisa Helzer at Maybee. The remains were taken to Maybee for interment. The funeral services were conducted by the Lutheran minister.

Mrs. Mary J. Wyman died at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 14th of February, aged 47 years 11 months and 13 days. The remains were brought to Belleville, and after the funeral at the Baptist church, Rev. T. W. MacLean officiating, were laid in the Sloop cemetery. Mrs. Wyman leaves one son, 13 years old, two sisters, Mrs. C. A. Carr of Salina and Mrs. M. A. Hornbarger of El Dorado, Kansas, and two brothers, John Jewett of Belleville and W. H. Jewett of this city.

Mrs. Lezbe Honey, wife of Thomas Honey of this city, died of cancer Saturday, Feb. 18, aged about 57 years.

Mrs. Honey came to Michigan from Livingston Co., N. Y., in 1833 when quite small. So that nearly her whole life was spent here. She was married to Mr. Honey in 1858 since which time she has lived in Ypsilanti. For fourteen months she had been a great sufferer but bore here affliction with patience and Christian resignation. She leaves two children, Prof. Henry of the Caro schools and a daughter now and for some years a teacher in the city schools here.

"If I can't come again, from out my resting place
And though you cannot see me, I shall look
Upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken
What you say,
And be often, often with you when you think
I'm far away."

George West, a former well-known citizen here, died at Baldwin, Lake county, Mich., last Monday, Feb. 20,

aged 67 years. He was a deacon in the Baptist church of this city, and removed about ten years ago. Mrs. West, who survives him, is a sister of the Loomises of Ypsilanti city and town.

In Detroit, January 7, Vee Ray, youngest daughter of Mason H. and Sarah J. Leonard, age 20 months and 20 days. Funeral at residence, 923 Congress street east, burial at Ypsilanti.

Fifty-Three People.

That is what the Silbons' "Big Spectacular Burlesque Company" numbers, which appears at the opera house Saturday night. The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette says of it, "The performance was one of merit throughout." * * The specialties were excellent without exception. * * The Silbons, it is hardly necessary to add, created a furore."

For Sale.

One Chickering piano, a first class instrument, elegant case.

One Haines piano, nice tone and in perfect order. WALTER HEWITT.

For Sale.

Two sets of bob sleighs, cheap to close them out. W. G. MARTIN, River street, near depot.

The California Fruit Tonic.

Made from the pure juices of California fruits, justly celebrated for its exquisite flavor and medicinal virtue. Is a peerless tonic, gives appetite and ambition; removes impurities of the blood and prevents derangement of the Stomach.

For sale at Fred S. Davis' drug store

Board of Registration.

The Board of Registration for the township of Ypsilanti will be in session at the office of the Township Clerk, Saturday, Feb. 25, 1888, for the registration of voters not registered.

ALONZO E. FORD, Township Clerk.

The California Fruit Tonic.

Made from the pure juices of California fruits, justly celebrated for its exquisite flavor and medicinal virtue. Is a peerless tonic, gives appetite and ambition; removes impurities of the blood and prevents derangement of the Stomach.

For a jet black glossy ink and a fine selection of writing materials, go to the new jewelry and stationery store of E. L. Hough, Huron street.

Comstock & Co. carry a full line of carpets.

Two brick stores, foundry and machine shop and houses and lots for sale. Prices to suit the rich and poor. Farms also. Houses to rent.

E. B. MOREHOUSE.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st. 454

DR. BENNETT

will be at the Hawkins House, Tuesday, Feb. 23, and chronic troubles of all kinds, he gets well, in a wonderful manner, by his new way of treating them. Piles of all kinds, no matter what complication, positively cured—no pain, no knife. Hernia radically cured in one week.

She Blushed

awfully when I told her what to do for those horrid pimples with which her face was covered. She now says if you want a pink and white complexion with a nice clear smooth skin, you must use that best of all blood purifiers, Sulphur Bitters. 2526

Common Council Proceedings.

SPECIAL MEETING.

THURSDAY EVENING, Feb. 9, 1888.

Mayor presiding. Roll called, absent Ald. DeNike and Forster. On motion, regular order of business suspended and Council proceeded to ballot on appointment of City Marshal, with the following result:

Geo. Palmer, 12
Geo. Naiman, 10
Geo. Jackson, 8
Geo. Hough, 7
Geo. Smith, 6
Geo. Jones, 5
Geo. White, 4
Geo. Brown, 3
Geo. Green, 2
Geo. Black, 1

On motion, Council adjourned to Friday evening, Feb. 10, at 7:30 o'clock.

SPECIAL MEETING.

FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 10, 1888.

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Geo. Black, 1

On motion, Council adjourned to Friday evening, Feb. 10, at 7:30 o'clock.

George Palmer, having received a majority vote of the aldermen elect, was declared appointed City Marshal to fill vacancy.

On motion of Ald. Kirk, the Mayor and Clerk were authorized to approve the bond of George Palmer, City Marshal.

By Ald. Palmer—Resolved, That the Mayor and Clerk are hereby authorized to issue bonds heretofore voted at not to exceed 1 per cent. interest.

Adopted, Ayes 9, Nays 0.

On motion Council adjourned to meet Monday evening, Feb. 20, 1888, at 7:30 o'clock.

REGULAR MEETING.

MONDAY EVE., Feb. 20, 1887.

Mayor presiding. Roll called. Absent Ald. Goldsmith, DeNike, Roys, Neat.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

City Clerk. That Marshal Palmer had filed his bond and same had been approved by Mayor and Clerk. Accepted.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS. H. D. Edwards, packing and waste, \$4 10
Jenny Electric Co., Supplies, 388 60
Ypsilanti Paper Co., 9
Standard Oil Co., Oil, 76 17
Frank Joslyn, Detroit and ex., 17 60
Voted from Contingent Fund.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

On motion of Ald. Kirk claim of Jenny Electric Co. taken from table and ordered paid. Ayes 6, Nays 0.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

Geo. H. Jackson, work as City Marshal, \$9 00
Motion to pay lost. Ayes, Ald. Boyce, Norton, Kirk, Folmer, Neat—5. Nays, Ald. Teras and Forster—2.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Kirk. That the time for collection of taxes be and

same is hereby extended to and including Saturday, Feb. 25, 1888.

By Ald. Kirk. That the Jenny Electric Co. may furnish balance of most arms 24 feet in length instead of 27 feet.

Adopted. By Ald. Kirk. That the City purchase 100 additional 35 foot poles.

Adopted. Ayes 7, Nays 0.

On motion Council adjourned to Monday evening, March 5, 1888, at 7:30 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLYN, City Clerk.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank, at Ypsilanti, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, Feb. 14th, 1888.

RESOURCES. Loans and Discounts, \$265,570 96
Overdrafts, 224 78
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, 25,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages, 12,454 25
Due from other National banks, 27,941 06
Due from other approved reserve agents, 4,117 05
Real Estate, furniture and fixtures, 6,000 00
Current expenses and taxes paid, 1,869 94
Bills in transit, 18,152 76
Checks and other cash items, 1,777 44
Bills of other Banks, 100 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents, 97 55
Specie, 11,368 50
Legal tender notes, 6,663 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation), 1,125 40
Total, \$383,096 49

LIABILITIES. Capital stock paid in, \$75,000 00
Surplus fund, 25,000 00
Undivided profits, 17,113 46
National Bank notes outstanding, 25,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check, 124,484 01
Demand certificates of deposit, 106,852 30
Due to State Banks and Bankers, 149 72
Total, \$383,096 49

State of Michigan, county of Washtenaw, s. s. I, W. L. Pack, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. L. PACK, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of February, 1888.

D. C. GRIFFIN, Notary Public.
CORRECT—Attest:
D. L. QUITK, S. H. DODGE, CHARLES KING, Directors.

SUBURBAN HOME!

FOR SALE.

Grand opportunity to secure a first-class home. 20 acres, with Splendid Residence, superb location—Forest Avenue east, just outside city limits. 10 acres Small Fruits in fine condition. Price and terms desirable. Call early.

J. N. WALLACE.

Or Address, T. B. MOON, Dentons, Mich.

Ypsilanti Savings Bank

Organized under the general banking laws of Michigan, with a

CASH CAPITAL OF \$50,000

Transacts a

General Banking Business!

4 PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on all savings deposits of \$1 and upward, compounded every six months.

Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

D. C. HATCHER, President.
R. W. HEMPHILL, Cashier.

Harris Bros. & Co.

New Line of Kennedy's SWEET Goods. Those Cocoanut Maccaronis are fine. Oneida Community Mince Meat. Try those Cough Cherries.

Harris Bros. & Co.



YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE
ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25TH.

THE SILBONS

BIG

Burlesque and Specialty Company

53 PEOPLE 53

SPECIAL SCENERY

GORGEOUS COSTUMES!

ENCHANTING MUSIC!

And Many Bewildering Situations.

USUAL PRICES OF ADMISSION

Seats on sale at Dodge's.

NORMAL

Lecture & Music Course

Entertainments in this Course are arranged for the following dates:

CONCERT—(Extra) Tuesday, Feb. 22, The Sappho Club.

CONCERT—Tuesday evening, March 6,

The Clara Louise Kellogg Concert and Opera Co.

The evening's program will consist of two parts:

I. A Grand Concert of Eight Numbers.

II. The entire Third Act of Gounod's Grand Opera "Faust," given in costume with appropriate stage setting.

LECTURE—(Extra) Monday, March 19,

Rev. John DeWitt Miller, of Connecticut.

Subject—The Uses of Ugliness.

The above dates are subject to change.

A Valuable Prescription Free!!

—GO TO—

FRANK SMITH'S

EMPORIUM

For anything that should be found in a stock of

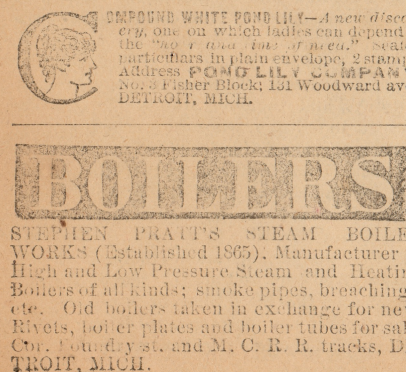
DRUGS, BOOKS, JEWELRY,

Wall-Paper, Paints, Notions,

OR FANCY GOODS.

Frank will be glad to see you, and will take less money from you than any other dealer in the county, and you may always feel sure of the best goods and no mistakes made.

The largest stock of Spectacles, Eye-glasses,



A RANDOM SHOT.

In days long ago the Russians got a foothold in Upper California and for a time held possession of that portion of the Pacific shore from Russian river, northward. Their principal colony was at Fort Ross, now in the northern part of Sonoma county. There for over thirty years, the business of seal fishing was successfully carried on.

The Russians sold out to Capt. John A. Bennett in turn so that the vast estate now Wm. Bennett's, an intelligent Russian, some years previous to the discovery of gold in California. For over thirty years he later lived at Fort Ross much in the manner of our own Russians.

In 1862 I had occasion to enjoy Mr. Bennett's hospitality and heard from his own lips some thrilling adventures of the colony, long ago, and the many incidents narrated to me will suffice here.

The diameter of trees is said to vary not only from Summer to Winter, but from day to day. There are larger from noon till twilight the next morning than there are the day before. There are larger in Winter than in Summer. Water and the sap of trees expand not only in proportion as they rise above, but also as they go below the freezing point. Low temperatures cause less evaporation, and the trees evaporate from their branches in Winter, and so the colder the weather the more they

ACCORDING to late papers by Professor Julien and Bolten, sonorous beach sand are far from being rarities as they were considered some years ago, as they are already found in seventy four American and thirteen foreign localities and the number is constantly increasing. When suddenly compressed between the hands musical notes are emitted by these sands the pitch rising as the quantity is diminished.

quality, the best canned goods we can
a full line of Jellies of all kinds.
and OYSTERS every day. All o
than any one else.

W. BRADLEY, HURON S

and in the wholesale markets, and
we are receiving FRESH FISH
which we sell twenty per cent. lower
than the market price.

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888.

A MAN who thinks he owns Boston has been locked up, while numerous chaps who think they own the earth are allowed their liberty.

It is said that a number of old Californians, now living in New York in reduced circumstances, are actually dependent upon the bounty of Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, for the necessities of life.

The dry goods clerks of Chicago never associate with a man whose cigars cost less than a shilling apiece. He can wear hind patches or an old coat, but he must smoke good cigars to give his blood.

A. RICHARDSON said to the Board of Supervisors of steam vessels, which met in Washington the other day: "There is not a single passenger whose life is protected as designed by rules and regulations."

AN Albany estate over which there has been thirteen years' litigation has finally panned out eighty-five cents apiece for the heirs, and they have gone home satisfied. The lawyers got about \$11,000 each.

ARTIFICIAL maple syrup is now made by distilling sap from the bark of maple trees. It needn't necessarily be a maple tree, however. Most any sort of sap or bark will make maple syrup good enough to sell.

THE Yosemite tribe of Indians has been reduced to eleven members, and these are an inch thick with dirt. There is talk of asking Congress to appropriate \$5,000 for water and soap to scrub them up and see how they look.

THE Atlanta youth who registered a vow that when he had arrived at the age of 25 he would have been married twenty-five times calculated only on the difficulties of courtship. The law grabbed him with his fifth wife.

THE queen of England has subscribed \$200 toward the fund for the purchase of the cottage in which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." This is not a very large sum, but it is four times as much as Milton received for the poem.

LORD LEVESON, son of Earl Granville, met with an awkward accident during the Christmas festivities at Walmer, Kent, England. While performing some conjuring tricks he, by some mischance, swallowed a half-crown which he was hiding in his mouth.

PERHAPS one reason why Chauncey M. Depew can eat so many public dinners is because he eats so little breakfast and luncheon. For his breakfast he drinks a small pitcher of hot water, eats a soft-boiled egg, and a slice of toast, and winds up with a cup of tea.

In Styrol, in Moravia, one Joseph Kekoek, when 15 years of age, made love to Barbara Nemes, who was just as old. They married in their twenty-second year and lived together for twenty-six years. A few weeks ago they both got sick on the same day and died in the same hour at the age of 93. They never had the slightest quarrel.

MRS. QUINCY A. SHAW, of Boston, who is, by the way, the daughter of Prof. Agassiz, has for eight years supported free kindergartens in the poorest quarters of Boston and Cambridge, at a personal expense of as much as \$50,000 a year. Mr. Quincy Shaw, by-the-way, has the finest collection of Millet's paintings and Japanese lacquer in the country.

OF the Davy family, of Rochester, the oldest girl is in the work-house as incorrigible, the father is jailed as a drunkard, and Esau, the eldest son, aged 9, being left at home in charge of his three sisters, aged 5, 6, and 8, took them to a church, where the whole party loaded up with bibles, hymn-books, and fans, and got well away before they were overhauled by a policeman and taken to the station.

MR. WARD McALLISTER, who has been a leader of the German and manager of half the fashionable balls in New York for the past decade and longer, is not a man of great wealth, as many people suppose from the connection in which they see his name in the papers. He is not even fashionable in his ordinary attire, for he is sometimes seen on the streets in a slouch hat. He is, by-the-way, a relative of the late Uncle Sam Ward, from whom he probably inherits some of his social traits.

A CANONIZED saint, who has been dead more than fourteen centuries, but still continues to draw an annual salary for services rendered, is certainly an extraordinary phenomenon," says *The St. James's Gazette*. "The saint is St. Anthony, and his paymaster is the state of Brazil. So, at least, says the *Allgemeine Deutsche Zeitung*, the organ of the German colony in Rio. The old Egyptian hermit is officially recognized and described in Brazil as the 'Tenente colonel honorario do Exercicio Brasileiro, o glorioso Santo Antonio'—the honorary lieutenant colonel of the Brazilian army, the glorious St. Anthony. The sum of \$240,000 is paid to him annually as his due military stipend, and the saint receives it through the hands of the prior of the monastery de Santo Antonio on the Morro. By what means the money passes from the prior's hands into those of the saint has not yet been made clear.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

EAST.

The House of Commons has passed the first of the new procedure rules. This does away with the all-night sittings, making the session from 3 in the afternoon until midnight.

The Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has written a letter to a political friend in New York favoring the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln as a candidate for the Presidency.

Judge Elliott, of the Common Pleas Court, Dayton, Ohio, has appointed R. D. Marshall receiver of the Dayton, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

Cincinnati business men are amazed at the reckless financiering connected with the Metropolitan Bank.

The Tehuantepec Ship Railway Company is considering the advisability of securing a loan of \$25,000,000 in Europe.

New York is investigating the various trusts, the Standard Oil Company, Standard Gas Company, and Empire Storage Company being looked into by the Legislature.

Now the wardens of penitentiaries have formed a trust for the manufacture of hollow ware.

The trustees of the Grant monument committee held their annual meeting Thursday at New York, and elected William R. Grace President, and J. Pierpont Morgan Treasurer. About \$10,000 was added to the fund last year, and the committee has now on deposit \$120,102.

The captain and crew of the wrecked schooner Mary S. Tibbits, who were supposed to have been lost at sea, arrived at New York Thursday. They were rescued from their sinking craft by an Italian vessel and taken to Oporto, whence they were sent to London by the American consul.

Initial meetings were held at Boston Thursday in a movement looking to the erection of a memorial to Wendell Phillips. General Butler made the principal speech, and alleged that the "war of the rebellion was principally inspired by the voice and pen of Phillips." The size and enthusiasm of the meetings augurs the success of the movement.

Thomas Dickson, Treasurer of Morrow County, Ohio, and his deputy, Robert Beatty, were arrested at Cleveland Thursday, charged with embezzling \$6,500. Dickson was released on \$10,000 bail.

A young man and a woman, who had just arrived from Philadelphia, were found dead near the city hall, in Camden, N. J., Wednesday night. The man first shot his companion and then killed himself. Not the slightest clue to their identity could be found.

The output of coal during 1887 in the second anthracite district of Pennsylvania reached 5,643,515 tons, an increase over 1886 of \$10,000 tons. In mine accidents fifty-two men were killed and 146 wounded.

George H. Corliss, the famous mechanical engineer and manufacturer, died suddenly Tuesday at Providence, R. I., aged 72.

At East Greenwich, R. I., Saturday night, the well owned by Mr. Allen was poisoned, and an attempt was made to blow up the house of the Rev. O. W. Still, a Baptist minister. Both men have been waging war upon the saloons.

Before a legislative committee at Boston, Tuesday, Mrs. Charlotte Smith and others made charges that many intelligence officers were sending girls to houses of ill-repute, and that Inspector Burleigh was in league with the procurers. The statements of fifty alleged victims were submitted, and in some instances their stories were corroborated.

A ninety-two round fight was contested at Wilmington, Del., Tuesday morning, Duncan knocking out an "unknown," of Philadelphia. The victory had also to be carried from the ring.

In the Opera House at Zanesville, Ohio, Tuesday night, where Annie Pixley is now playing, Joseph Hamer, a young clerk, burst a blood vessel and died almost instantly.

Domini McGraw and his wife were suffocated at their home at Lima, Ohio, Monday night by natural gas, which leaked from the pipes.

Flora McAnille, aged 16, is dying at New York from pelvic peritonitis. She has confessed that she has been the victim of Chinese men, who lured her to their den, taught her to smoke opium, and then ruined her.

WEST AND SOUTH.

The first payment on the purchase of Libby prison by Chicago men was made last Saturday.

An epidemic of small-pox exists in McPherson, Kan. Seventeen persons are ill of the disease.

Gustave Winkler, of Milwaukee, shot and killed himself and his wife last Saturday. He was very poor and despondent.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have ordered a strike of all engineers on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road, the increase of wages demanded not having been granted.

Three children of P. P. Miller were burned to death Friday night at Annandale, Minn. They were alone in the house when it took fire.

Martin Irons, leader of the southwestern railroad strike, has been acquitted in his trial at St. Louis on a charge of conspiracy to plot the telephone wires.

The "Overland Flyer" on the Union Pacific Railroad collided with a freight train at Cotton, Neb., on Saturday. Engineer Michael Power, the train was crushed to death, eighteen passengers were more or less injured, and several cars were burned.

Robert Lindwurm, of Milwaukee, Wis., sat down on a railway track, having a whisky bottle for company. He had taken the pledge and broken it, but will never break it again.

Peter McKay, after marrying Eva Marshall, at Lanesboro, Minn., wished his bride and her family good night and took his departure.

Belle Cora Fellows, of Pierre, D. T., will marry Chaska, a full-blooded Indian, in March.

Two masked men took possession of a Southern Pacific train in Arizona Wednesday night, just after leaving Stein's Pass, uncoupled the engine and express car from the rest of the train, and after going a mile further, robbed Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express car of all valuables.

Daniel J. Wren, one of the convicted Chicago bootleggers, was taken to the Illinois penitentiary.

The canvass of New Orleans being made by the Committee of One Hundred to revise the constitution has already resulted in finding about 24,000 names illegally registered, though not all fraudulently. Between 15,000 and 20,000 will be thrown out.

In court at Springfield, Ill., Tuesday, State's Attorney J. B. Jones and the Hon. Lloyd Hamilton quarreled and exchanged bitter words. It is said that Jones dashed at Hamilton with a knife, but was arrested by a detective, and that a bailiff, by herculean efforts, kept Hamilton from attacking the attorney.

The orthodox faction of Aushe Emeth congregation at Cleveland have demanded the resignation of Rabbi Philo, who has made some changes in religious customs that are the remains of the Rev. James Schofield, who died in Chicago last Sunday, were interred at Freeport, Ill., Tuesday with simple ceremonies. Gen. John M. Schofield and the Rev. Dr. J. V. Schofield, sons of the deceased attended the funeral.

At Sioux City, Iowa, Tuesday, in the case of the driver of a lowway wagon, charged with the violation of the prohibitory law, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Adjutant General Vance notified Governor Oglesby Tuesday that thirty-seven persons had been killed and twenty-one wounded by the cyclone and that eighty were wounded, twenty of whom are in a serious condition.

The rabbi refused to resign, and legal proceedings are threatened.

The indictment against Miss Holmes, late exchange clerk of the wrecked Fidelity Bank, was nolle Tuesday at Cincinnati.

Large numbers of telephone subscribers at Cincinnati have petitioned the Legislature against the passage of the bill reducing telephone charges to \$3 per month.

The proposed donation of \$100,000 by the city of Terre Haute, Ind., to the Terre Haute and Mississippi Railroad Company was defeated in the election Wednesday night by 222 votes.

Several conductors and engineers of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railroad were discharged at Dubuque Tuesday morning. The superintendent declined to state his reasons for ordering the dismissals.

POLITICAL POINTS.

The National Democratic Committee on Thursday selected St. Louis as the place of holding the convention, and changed the time of meeting from July 3 to June 5.

At a conference of Republicans at Decatur, Ill., Tuesday, it was decided to hold a convention in that city April 12, for the nomination of a Supreme Court judge to represent the Third District.

The election for Councilmen Tuesday at Pittsburg resulted in the return of 33 Republicans and 13 Democrats.

DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

James of Alabama, Made Chairman—Constitution of the Joint Committee.

The Democratic Congressional Committee held a meeting at the Capitol Thursday night. Representative James L. Jones of Alabama, was made chairman, and Representative Benjamin F. Shively, of Indiana, Secretary. The chairman was authorized to appoint ten members of the committee who, with the three appointed by the Senate, are to constitute a joint executive committee with power to elect its own chairman, secretary, and treasurer.

Lth Congress.

HOUSE.—Among the executive communications laid before the House Tuesday, the Speaker was one from the Secretary of War in response to the Boutelle battle-flag resolution. It was referred to the Committee on Pensions. A bill, introduced and referred as follows: By Mr. Payson, of Illinois.—For the protection of settlers on the public lands, By Mr. Bower, of North Carolina, a resolution directing the Committee on Rules to report back the resolution directing the Committee on Ways and Means to report back a bill repealing the internal revenue laws, also, a resolution directing the Committee on Education to report back the bill educational bill before March 20th. By Mr. Jackson, of Pennsylvania.—To amend the homestead laws so as to provide that only eighty acres can be taken, instead of 160 acres, and to permit only citizens of the United States to enter homesteads. By Mr. Osborn, of Pennsylvania.—Providing for the changing of the date of inauguration day from March 4 to March 3. By Mr. Gifford, of Dakota.—To establish an industrial school at Bismark, D. T. By Mr. Hudd, of Wisconsin.—A joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment extending the presidential term to eight years. Bills were introduced and referred for the erection of public buildings at St. Paul, Minn.; Burlington, Iowa; Opelousas, La.; Canton, Ohio; Sheboygan, Green Bay and Manitowish, Wis.; Yankton, Dak., and Clinton, Mo. A resolution, to be referred to the committee on judiciary, moved to suspend the rules and place upon its passage the House joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment extending the terms of members of Congress until April 30th. Quoted, debated, and though little interest was manifested, the motion to suspend the rules and pass the joint resolution was lost—yeas, 129; nays 128—not the necessary two-thirds in the affirmative, and the House then adjourned.

HOUSE.—A bill for the relief of the House and referred to the Committee on Education. Mr. Miliken, of Maine, said that on the 17th instant he had offered a resolution that the Secretary of the Treasury should investigate the sugar trust in New York. The resolution had been referred to the Committee on Manufactures, but as yet no report had been made upon it. He was in respect of such a report being made. He therefore moved that the committee be instructed to report back the resolution on Friday next. The House then resumed the consideration of the Urgency Deficiency bill, the pending question being upon the amendment instructing the Public Printer to enforce rigidly the provisions of the eight-hour law. The amendment was adopted.

SENATE.—When the Senate met on the 22d, on motion of Mr. Hoar, in consideration of the fact that the day is now the 22d, the morning business was disposed with, so that the order of the Senate of last Monday should be immediately carried out. The galleries were well filled, though not crowded. The Senators were in their seats, and maintained throughout the session attitudes of most respectful attention. The voice of the President pro tempore, Mr. Sherman, was heard to the extremities of the chamber. He read from manuscript which lay on his desk, standing with his hands clasped behind him, except when he turned to the clerk for the time to turn the sheets of his address. The presiding officer (Mr. Ingalls) rising said: "On the 17th of September, 1793, George Washington, being then at nearly the close of his second Presidential term, delivered the following far-famed address." [He then read the address, which was listened to in profound silence and with respectful attention.] The reading occupied little less than an hour, and at its conclusion at 1 o'clock the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—The House Committee on Agriculture gave a hearing to persons interested in the Butterworth bill, February 22, to regulate the manufacture and sale of counterfeit and altered bank notes. The committee was composed of Messrs. Wilson, of this city, in favor of the bill, and by George H. Webster, representing Amos & Co., and Messrs. Fox and Grosvenor, representing the American Bank Note Company. The final hearing on the Cotton seed-oil bill is set for next week.

ST. LOUIS MADE HAPPY.

Democratic National Committee Decide to Hold the Convention at the Bridge City.

St. Louis has been selected as the place for holding the next Democratic convention. Mr. William L. Scott and others of the president's friends who have been managing the administration side of the fight in the Democratic committee were of the opinion that half a loaf is better than no bread. They were defeated on every side by the anti-administration high-tariff Democrats, who had the benefit of the more experienced leadership of Chairman Barnum and Secretary Gorman. Most of the following of the latter were composed of representatives of the territory and political friends of the president in the manner in which the patronage has been distributed throughout the south. Mr. Scott and Mr. Dawson, the editor of the Charleston News and Courier, assisted to speak for the administration, although the Barnum-Gorman wing denied their authority to do so, called on the postmaster general and the secretary of the interior for assistance. It was very promptly rendered, and there is the best of reasons for believing that telegrams concerning the date for holding the convention passed between Washington and the magnolia groves of Florida. At any rate the location which has been favored by the president's friends had to be abandoned in order to secure a change of date, and the result is due to the persuasive powers of the postmaster general more than any other man. The trade was made about midnight, the name of the president was freely used, and Chicago was selected for the holding of a strong platform reform plank in an early platform so that the acts of Democrats in congress may be affected thereby.

ONEIDA INDIAN RESERVATION.

Wisconsin Business Men Want It Opened—The Hudd Bill.

The bill recently introduced in the House by Representative Hudd, to have the Oneida Indian Reservation opened, was pressed by the business men of Green Bay and De Pere. The reservation is a tract of land, eight by twelve miles, situated near Green Bay. It was reserved for these Indians by treaty with the United States in 1838, and for many years has been looked upon with jealous eyes. The bill provides for allotments of land to the Indians, to be held in trust twenty-five years, afterward to be conveyed free of encumbrances. When the allotment has been issued to an Indian he can go on furnishing proof of the same, and on taking the allotment to become a citizen, and receive a patent in fee simple for his land.

A MURDERER'S LAST REQUEST.

Lewis Moore (colored) was hanged at Georgetown, Ga., before a small crowd of people. Moore ascribed his misfortune entirely to whisky, and begged all his hearers to beware of it. Just before the drop was swung he sold his body to local physicians for \$20, which he handed to his wife.

A Parisian Romance.

A drummer from Livorno, Italy, arrived at Paris. His name was Gaston Delthil. He was 30 years old and had nearly \$200 in his pocket. In the last days of October he went to a saloon and became acquainted with the waitress, Catherine Josephine Russe. The girl was young, with dark hair and eyes, and charmed the drummer at first sight so much that he proposed to her there and then. She accepted him, resigned her position, and followed his fortunes. When his money gave out he wrote to Livorno, professing to have been taken ill, and his firm sent him another \$100. Soon he had written again, but instead of money, he received a letter saying: "You deceived me; you are not ill, but you are doing no business and make no collections. You are discharged." He was in despair. His Catherine also grew restive and ran away. After having tramped the streets of Paris for a few days he made up his mind to return to Italy, and went to his depot. At the moment when he was counting out the money for his ticket a picture of Catherine he had in his pocket-book fell out. At sight of it his determination was gone. He snatched up his money and hurried off to the saloon in hopes of finding her. He was successful. She had gone back to her former occupation, and he was overjoyed to see her. He was faithful to the girl, and toward night invited Catherine to a little supper. He tried all his arts of persuasion to induce her to go back to him, but all in vain. As he persisted she rose abruptly, saying: "No, never; there is enough of it. You promised to leave Paris yesterday, and you are here yet. It is too bad. I have done with you." And she turned to leave him. With a look of despair, Delthil rose, haggard as a dying man, seized the girl by the arm, and, without saying a word, placed the muzzle of a small revolver against her right temple and sent a bullet into her brain. Then he held the weapon to his cheek, just below the left eye, and shot himself. They were both taken to the Hospital Lariboisiere to die.

Yale in Public Affairs.

A record of the achievements of Yale graduates in public life has recently been compiled and it shows suggestively to what extent the university is a force all through the country. Yale has never yet had the President of the United States, and Harvard, with the Adamses, holds over her in that respect, but here are the Yale figures:

President of United States (for two terms)—1.

United States Cabinet Officers (including and counting in each capacity 3 who have held more than one such office)—17.

Chief Justice and Assistant Justices of the United States Supreme Court—3.

United States Circuit and District Court Justices—21.

United States Envoys, Ministers Plenipotentiary, etc.—22.

United States Senators—50.

United States members of Congress—187.

Judges of highest States courts, Chancellors, etc.—164.

Governors of States—38.

Presidents of colleges—32.

Besides these there might be mentioned one Cabinet officer in the Sandwich Islands, and a Chief Justice in Canada and in the Sandwich Islands.—*Hartford Courant*.

Dr. Asa Gray used to describe himself as a Darwinian, a theist, and an acceptor of the Nicene creed.

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Stock dealer Leslie H. Smith, of St. Charles, killed himself.

—Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Walker, of Rockford, were nearly suffocated by escaping coal gas.

—Eighteen deaths from measles have occurred at Creal Springs during the last three weeks.

—The Grand Council of the order of Royal Templars of Temperance convened at Shelbyville.

The Illinois membership of the Grand Army of the Republic now numbers 29,836, a gain during the year of 4,433.

—Henry Schrenker, an old and respected citizen of Freeport, and a prominent wagon manufacturer, died at 62.

—All the stone-cutters of the Joliet Stone Company have struck against a reduction in wages from 35 to 30 cents an hour.

—The fourth annual convention of the Michigan Daughters' Association was held at Adrian with a large attendance.

—Joseph Grubb, once a prosperous business man of Centralia, killed himself with a revolver. Whisky caused his downfall.

—Mrs. Henry Carmichael died at Rockford. She was a daughter of H. W. Carpenter, president of the Rockford Flour Company.

—Bernard Donnelly, a brakeman, was killed in a wreck on the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railroad, in Jo Daviess county.

—Miss Allie Curry, an heiress of Joliet, eloped with Thomas Brankin, a Chicago caddy drummer, to whom she was married last week.

—The question of licensing saloons at Galesburg was ordered by the City Council submitted to a vote of the people at the city election.

—At Williams' Prairie, John Arenth shot and killed George Garrett, the trouble arising over a fight between school boys, relatives of both.

The grand jury at Huntington returned an indictment of murder in the first degree, against Jacob Kalenbeck, for killing the peddler Theodore Lorenze.

—Leslie H. Smith, a stock dealer at St. Charles, Kane county, killed himself with a revolver in the presence of his family. The cause of his suicide is not known.

—W. J. Dwyer, a carpenter from the County Jail July 13 last, was recaptured in Englewood, and again locked up in the jail. Bunney has been living in Indiana since his escape.

—Mrs. Fred Kessel, of Tuscola, was found dead in bed at Champaign, having taken morphine. Her husband had become addicted to drink and she did not wish to live any longer.

—Milton Smith died at his home in Lexington Township, McLean county, aged 80 years. He had lived in that township more than fifty years. His golden wedding was celebrated only a few months ago.

—At Monticello, W. E. McLean and Chas. Steele were each sentenced to the penitentiary for one year for burglary and forgery. Duncan Carr received five years for burglary. Judge Hughes sentenced them to the Joliet Penitentiary.

—James Mounce, the murderer of Adam Spier, in Platt county, was returned in safety to the Decatur jail, after having been arraigned in the Chicago court for burglary and forgery. Duncan Carr received five years for burglary. Judge Hughes sentenced them to the Joliet Penitentiary.

—At Shattuck, while Mrs. Mary TreTert and her 10-year-old son, Frank, were driving across the track of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, the mail train struck them. The boy lived about fifteen minutes and the mother about two hours. The horse was killed and the buggy demolished.

—In the case of Bernard R. Donnelly, of Galena, who was killed in the bridge disaster on the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad, near Elizabeth, a coroner's jury rendered a verdict fixing the responsibility upon the company for the death, and censuring the engineer for running at a too rapid rate of speed over a new road.

—Judge Glenn sustained the demurrer to the declaration in the \$10,000 damage suit of Swan Hultgren against the First Lutheran Church of Galesburg, for expulsion. The judge held that it is not the province of the courts to meddle with ecclesiastical matters of this kind, and gave Hultgren a lecture for bringing such a case into court.

—Mr. G. W. Livergood, a wealthy farmer living four miles north of Taylorville, was held up in the northern part of the city as he was starting home, and robbed of over \$80. Livergood recognized William Wallace, and Belvidere Dick White was also one of the parties who assaulted him. They were both put in jail for a preliminary hearing.

INDIANA.

—John Floyd was arrested in Evansville, for the murder of Martin Michary in Henderson, Ky., in 1886.

—At Fort Wayne Stephen Beich, a prominent contractor, while eating supper, dropped dead from his chair.

—George Roberts, living near Richmond, is at the point of death from wounds inflicted on him by Elijah Moiley.

—A hotel, meat shop, grocery, two stores, and a dwelling, at Huntington, were burned, the loss being about \$15,000 with small insurance.

—Fred Brown, the man who committed suicide at Logansport, is found to have had an overcoat that was made for J. W. Elston of Sterling, Colo.

—While saving the contents of J. D. Miller's burning dwelling at Jonesboro, Linin Richardson was fatally injured, and Mr. Miller was badly hurt.

—At Indianapolis, the Supreme Court sustained a decision fining a saloon-keeper for selling liquor on Sunday, the note not being a direct one.

—Josephine Collet, of Terre Haute, claims land in Evansville formerly known as the Erie Canal bed, now in the center of the city, and worth \$700,000, and has brought a test suit.

—Justice Harlan will not take up Coy and Bernhamer's application for a writ of error until the 24th inst. He wishes first to go to Chicago and dispose of cases pending his attention there before he comes to Indianapolis.

—Miss Della, daughter of the Hon. Jesse M. Gale, prohibition candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana in 1886, was married to Newton W. Gilbert, Surveyor of Steuben county. The couple left at once for a tour of the West.

—Dr. Maria Haspel, who has been the medical attendant at the Female Reformatory at Indianapolis, for the last two years, will leave in a few weeks for China to take charge of a Women's and Children's Hospital in one of the large cities there.

—Cornelius Cortipien, a Miami Indian, who last fall raided the grain-bins of Theo. Vandergrift, at Lafayette, and got away with a large quantity of wheat, was again arrested. He succeeded in escaping, but was captured a second time, an Indian boy disclosing his hiding place.

—Peter Vannice, aged 80, dropped dead of heart disease at his home, near New Martins, Putnam county. His wife, aged 80 years, was a kante by that, though in good health, she lived only through the night, dying of the same disease. They had been married sixty years.

—The franchise for supplying Wabash with natural gas from the Somerset field, distant ten miles, was formally granted the Hont Natural-Gas company of Indianapolis. Fifteen miles of pipe are to be laid in the streets by Oct. 1. The franchise is exclusive for two years from Oct. 1. Work will be begun on the plant immediately.

—Nate Wright, a farmer, came to Richmond to have his hand dressed, and in relating how an eagle put its talons through his hand when he objected to its presence in his barnyard, told of a most exciting adventure with the said bird of freedom. It battled furiously, but the farmer won the day, finally downed it, and will have his adversary stuffed as a souvenir of the adventure.

—A man giving his name as John Floyd was arrested in Evansville by a patrol of constables in the vicinity of a hotel, and taken upon his person, with some compromising terms, written by his mother from Henderson, Ky. Information was sought from that point and word received to hold the prisoner, as he was wanted there for the murder of Martin McGary in 1886. Floyd, learning

Love Keeps Young Forever.

Yes, I may see a younger face
Than thine, my old-time lover;
And thine own limbs and sturdy grace
Where fashion's actions hover,
I know what thou art thinking, dear,
That human time may sever.
But never let thy heart grow grey—
True love keeps young forever.
If I had only loved thy form
When thou wert young and sprightly,
I might have changed, if time's rough storm
Had touched thee e'er so lightly.
But that soul's love which gave me cheer
Remains—forgotten never—
No matter what grows old, my dear,
True love keeps young forever.
I have met maids with winning airs—
They could not forge a fatter;
I know thy heart, I know not theirs,
And thine holds me a debtor.
Dear, I am thinking of it now—
My light on life's dark river—
And thus I seal upon thy brow
A love that's young forever.
—William Lyle.

BEYOND REACH.

BY J. E.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"And that is why I don't think you ought to become his wife," he went on eagerly. "A loveless marriage is a terrible thing. Fancy having with you day after day a person to whom you are utterly indifferent, or, perhaps, what is worse, that you absolutely dislike, for indifference between husband and wife often merges into dislike. A person who has nothing in common with you, whose pursuits, tastes, ideas, are totally unlike your own, and who will concede nothing, caring nothing for your whims and fancies."

"It must be very dreadful," agreed Dorothy in a low tone.

"Dreadful! My child, it is worse than dreadful; it is a living death for a woman to be tied to a man she dislikes. It is bondage for her, slavery, misery, without a single ray of sunshine to lighten the gloom of her heart and life. Many wives fade slowly away. The doctors call it decline, consumption, but it is of a broken heart they die, the result of the neglect and ill treatment of their husbands. Therefore, think, Dorothy—think and reflect well before you condemn yourself to such a fate."

"But what is the use of my thinking, Jack?" she asked helplessly. "I must do as papa and Aunt Elinor wish."

"Surely they won't force you to marry against your will?"

"I suppose not; but I haven't told them that it is against my will."

"Then you ought to do so."

"I—I couldn't. It would disappoint papa so much."

"Better to disappoint your father than to condemn yourself to such a life."

"Oh, Jack, I really couldn't—indeed I couldn't," she burst out, "interfere with their arrangements! I wouldn't dare to say anything to aunt. I have always obeyed her implicitly, and she tells me I shall be perfectly happy, and have everything I can possibly want, and—"

"Everything but love and content," muttered Bingham.

"So I must do as they wish. Besides, what excuse could I make? No one else wants to marry me," she concluded naively.

"Don't they?" he commenced, and then stopped short, for he felt a mad desire to take her in his arms and tell her that he longed to make her his wife, and cherish her as his titled adorer neither could nor would; but he knew that if he spoke the veil would fall from her eyes, and she would become aware of what, in her childlike innocence, she was ignorant—that she loved him; so he was silent, and he kept silent, with a mighty effort of his strong will.

"No, of course they don't," she rejoined with a sweet rippling laugh; "and if I reject him I shall be an old maid. And now we won't talk about him any more; let us have a cozy chat about the dance. Of course you are coming, and Blanche, and Mr. Hawthorne. I have been very busy getting ready my best bib and tucker, for some of Aunt Elinor's grand London friends are coming to stay here for it, and a regular professional beauty, Lady Fitzedeline. Won't you be dining to see her?"

"I hardly think so. Dolly, tell me, when are you to be married? Is your wedding-day fixed?"

He asked the question abruptly; his lips were dry and parched; they could hardly form the words.

"Yes, it is fixed for the first week in May."

"And when does Lord Yarra come?"

"To-morrow."

And Jack left Hadlow Hall that night a very miserable man, but nevertheless under a promise to come the next day to dine, and to the dance, and whenever, in fact, the girl he idolized chosed to ask him.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh, can't meet him,
To look upon a rival's joy!

"You don't intend to go to-night, Jack, of course?"

"Of course I do, Blanche. Why shouldn't I?"

"Well," rejoined his sister hesitatingly, "there is no reason why you shouldn't, only I didn't think you would."

"Why, in Heaven's name?" he demanded irritably.

"Well, it can't be very pleasant for you to look on at Lord Yarra making love to Dorothy."

"I don't intend to look at him, I—"

"You won't get a chance, I think," remarked Hawthorne quietly, who was lunching with them at the vicarage.

"Shall I not?"

"Why?" enquired Blanche.

"Because, as far as I can see, the earl does not trouble himself by paying much attention to his fiancée."

"Indeed!"

"No; Lady Fitzedeline just now seems more to his taste. He is always at her side, leading her about everywhere with an air of utter devotion, and never loses an opportunity of getting his hand into very close proximity to hers, and seems to be whispering all sorts of soft nothings in her ear."

"Indeed!" repeated Miss Bingham; and I wonder how Dolly likes that?"

"She appears to like it very well—in fact, I think it just suits her. At any rate she doesn't seem to regard herself in the light of a slighted and neglected damsel."

"No; she doesn't care for him well enough to mind his indifference, but I

fear it may be different when they are married. I hope she will be happy," and Blanche as she spoke gave a swift glance at Jack, who stood by the window gnawing his moustache, and gazing moodily at the park and stretch of woodland that lay between the vicarage and Hadlow Hall.

"I trust she will," said Hawthorne; "yet it is doubtful. Such men as Lord Yarra are incapable of very deep or very true affection. It is the last new thing, the last new face, that attracts their wandering fancy. That is plainly shown by his attention to Lady Fitzedeline's age, and who is certainly built up by her maid, her milliner, and her perfumer."

"Yes; there is nothing natural about her. She is an odious woman. I can't think what he sees to admire in her. She is very vain, and her hair is actually red, and the dye only partly conceals its odious colour."

"Yes; still she is a woman of the world, with perfect savoir faire, and doubtless her manners fascinate him. She pays him so much attention, and tries to make herself agreeable to him."

"I wish she would succeed," exclaimed Blanche, as her brother left the room and went slowly down through the garden, "and, marry him; then there might be a chance for poor Jack. My heart bleeds for him, he looks so wretched and hopeless."

"Yes, poor fellow! but I fear her ladyship will not succeed in getting the earl to propose to her, and break off his present engagement. She is not the sort of woman to suit him as a wife—too masterful and managing—very amusing and entertaining as a friend or acquaintance, very disagreeable as mistress of a man's house."

"Yes, I can imagine that; and he is keen enough to know it, so I fear there is little chance of happiness for our lovers; and with a sigh, Miss Bingham put on her hat and her sealskin, and prepared to accompany her intended to the village on some errand of mercy."

Meanwhile young Bingham sauntered slowly on with downcast eyes and dejected air; the conversation to which he had just been listening was not calculated to raise his spirits.

He knew the girl he loved would be miserable as Yarra's wife, and it caused him the keenest pain to know that he was helpless, powerless, to alter her fate—to make her future bright and happy.

He worshipped her with all the strength and devotion of his great honest heart. She was the only part of his life that was worth living for; without her, existence would be a dreary blank, the world a howling wilderness.

In her centered all his hopes, all his ambitions, and she was lost to him as utterly and entirely as though she lay in her grave, and death divided them.

"If I could save her—only save her from such a fate!" he muttered, as his restless wandering feet led him towards Hadlow Wood; "but I am powerless, and must stand by and see my love sacrificed."

"Jack!" cried a clear ringing voice at that minute, and turning, he saw Dorothy coming swiftly towards him, swinging a little flower-basket in her hand.

"Whither away, fair maid?" he asked with a miserable attempt at gaiety. "I am going to the wood to look for violets and primroses; I want them for to-night."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Surely you will have other flowers sent you—gorgeous hot-house blooms."

"Possibly. But you see I prefer the wild woodland blossoms."

"Then may I come and help you to find some?"

"Yes, if you promise to work very hard, and find me a great many."

"Of course I will. I shall find double the quantity you will."

"I am not so sure of that."

"I am. I will prove it to you."

"Do."

And away they went like a pair of children, cutting and laughing, and looking in sunny nooks for fragrant violet and delicate primrose.

It was a glorious March day, fresh yet mild, with a wind just strong enough to be pleasant and exhilarating, and to shake the building rooks in the tall elm-trees.

The spring breeze was luring the bee from his hiding places—luring it to the dazling gorse flower, in whose rotund basket blooms was just honey enough to please the rider; was stirring the bright blue of the ground ivy and periwinkle, shaking the golden celandine, and rustling the bare branches, where green dots showed where future leaves were to come.

Nature was doing her best to make up for the long severe winter, and Jack Bingham and his fair companion both felt her genial influence.

To him it was unmixed bliss to be at Dorothy's side, and for a time he forgot all his misery, all his misgivings—forgot the empty barren years of life without her that lay before him; forgot that she was another man's promised bride—forgot all, save that he loved her, as he walked by her side, looking into the soft eyes, and listening with a lover's greed to the clear musical ring of the sweet voice.

"I think that ought to be enough, Jack, don't you?" she queried at last when her basket and hands were full of pale yellow and deep purple flowers.

"Well, I think it ought, certainly, unless you intend to have a whole dress made of them; and he looked down at his own burden of violets, which was not a small one."

"Of course I don't, you goose."

"Thank you, Miss Dorothy. But how am I to know in what way ladies employ such a vast quantity of flowers?"

"You are not supposed to know, therefore I will condescend to tell you. I am going to wear a white gown, and the neck and sleeves are to be trimmed with these, also I am going to carry a huge bouquet of them."

"That will look charming."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mlle. Boulanger, daughter of the celebrated French general, is believed to have retired to a Carmelite convent, owing to a love affair sternly forbidden by her father.

Thomas Dunlop, who had a grocery store at Reading, Pa., put a notice in his window that William Booser owed him \$4.82, and he is now being tried for libel.

NO PLACE FOR POOR MEN.

A Letter From the Argentine Republic.—An Ex-Militairean, Located at Buenos Ayres, Writes to a Friend His Observations.

A former Milwaukeean, who is now a resident of Buenos Ayres, where he has been located for twenty-four years past, writes as follows to a well-known gentleman of this city who went to South America shortly after the war, and came back because he did not find things there up to his expectations:

"We have had two successive seasons of drought, which has left a great number of families in the greatest misery. Many lost every sheep they owned, and are left absolutely without home, money or employment. We have had for the last eight years prosperous times commercially—a reckless expenditure and wild speculations. The end has come. We are now in the beginning of the greatest crisis this country has ever had. Money is worth 3 per cent. per month. Paper money is worth just 66 cents on the dollar—a forced currency, with a tendency daily toward a greater depreciation. There will be blue ruin for some time. I think it is needed in order to reduce things to a normal standard. The expense of living here is something enormous. I do not at all exaggerate when I say it is necessary for a family to be most economical to live on \$300 per month. I mean this not for wealthy families, but for persons more or less in my own sphere of life. House rent is outrageous. A small house of say five rooms, removed from the center can not be had for less than \$70 to \$120 per month. Meat is really worth more than in London, when quality is taken into consideration. Taxes, too, are something frightful. As for instance, I pay a yearly city tax on my own little homestead of \$48. Add to this for lighting and cleaning, per month, \$160; and as soon as we have the sewerage and water laid in, \$6 in gold, or its equivalent (say \$8) more per month. A suit of clothes costs from \$35 to \$60; a hat \$10, and a pair of boots \$7 to \$10; a lady's hat something like \$20."

"Everything has increased with the exception of labor, skilled and otherwise. A good mechanic gets an average of \$2 to \$2.50 per day; a laborer, \$1.20 to \$1.50; camp hands, from \$10 to \$15 per month—the average is \$12. Clerks get from \$60 to \$120. A single man cannot live for less than \$80 per month, and that with economy. For the mere workingman, this is undoubtedly the worst place he could possibly be in. The labor market is overstocked. On the other hand, for a man knowing the country, and with a knowledge of business and capital, I know of no place where the profits are greater or even so good as here. If you are on the way to fortune, all is well. Should a man be unfortunate, or lack the means to establish something on his account, be it ever so humble, I believe he would better have never been born than have his lot cast here. I speak of what I know from sad experience. Even now, a moderate capital, with ability, is not to be risked in business here. The man who should attempt it would be swamped before he got a fair start. It is only large capital that can succeed. My own observation is that the poor are growing gradually poorer, while the rich are getting wealthier and wealthier as the years roll by."

"The lands are in the hands of a few, comparatively. In many cases hundreds of leagues are in possession of a single person or company. Good lands command very high rents. Formerly for the run of a flock of sheep, \$250 per annum was usual. Of late years from \$600 to \$800 has been charged and obtained, and good land is not always to be had even at that. We have plenty of rack-renters here, without going to Ireland. I regret to have to state our own countrymen and their descendants are the worst type. I do not mean to be understood that the foregoing applies to Irishmen as a class; only to a limited extent. It is strange, and at I believe quite true, that as a race, there is very little medium—we are as a rule either very good or quite the opposite."

The writer goes on to speak of the political condition of the Argentine Republic. He says the government is cursed by a degrading spirit of centralization. It is a republic only in name. Virtually it is an oligarchy of the worst kind. "This oligarchy rules supreme. Commerce, religion, education, everything, down to the minutest details of the most insignificant office is under the direct control of the central power. I believe it would make but little difference what men held the governmental reins, since there are no party principles such as you have in the United States. It is always a question between the ins and the outs. The President for the time being is but the chief of his party, and as long as he can distribute favors and fishes his acts are not questioned, except by the party laid out in the cold, and they are quite powerless. The army settles any little difference in voting. It is not votes but bullets that settle such matters. Every territory and province has its preconsul, in the shape of a governor. You doubtless consider yourselves in the states adepts in the manipulation of elections. You are mere novices compared to this our school. * * I do not see with pleasure you dispose fairly well of your political thieves, while here they have perfect immunity—the bigger the steal, the better, and the less said of it. It is only for a matter of ten cents or so that the screws are put on here."—*Weekly Wisconsin*.

A Fault of Some Mothers.

Quite a natural fault, and one exceedingly common, is for mothers to hold their infants altogether too much. By so doing they inconvenience themselves and injure their little ones. Very many mothers say that "it takes about all their time to attend to the baby."

In almost all instances where this is true it is their own fault. When once the bad habit is formed of taking the little one up as soon as it shows signs of waking, is restless, or disposed to cry, the mother is henceforth a slave to its caprices, and no tyrant can be more exacting. This is by no means a trifling matter. Into every home, however poor and humble, a baby should bring the sunshine of happiness; but does it always do this? It is doubtful if a single parent can be found to say no; and yet there are not a few who would, if they gave honest expression to their thoughts, say that the coming of the little one was a misfortune. The reason is obvious to the students of human nature, who are influenced by what they see, as well as by what they hear, and doubt the latter in the absence of proof.

If healthy, and a baby is properly managed from the first, it ought to, in its early months of life, pass eighteen hours in sleep. As age advances, the amount required becomes less; but even at two years it ought to sleep thirteen or fourteen hours out of twenty-four. There are more children who do not get this amount of sleep than there are who do, and yet it is essential to their well being. Now it is clearly apparent that mothers who are forced "to do their own work" need not sacrifice so much time to their infants as many do, and neglect other important cares; it is when they do neglect their other duties that distrust as to the actual blessing in the form of the baby begins.

There are, of course, exceptions, but in too many homes evidence is not wanting that the advent of a baby is more or less a hardship, which is shared by every member of the family. The mother, poor soul, finds her cares multiplied; and if the new-comer is troublesome, she may be forced, if not, she soon finds it easy, to neglect, or but imperfectly perform, her household duties. Disorder is most often the first symptom manifested; and this is soon followed by a lack of cleanliness, first in the mother's appearance, then in her surroundings, and finally the little one suffers from this grave fault. The husband finds his home less inviting, and the cheerful influence of the baby can scarcely compensate for the doleful change which has taken place about him. Both he and the mother, unfortunately though her own fault of management, must soon ask themselves, neither daring, however, to breathe a doubt to the other, "Was it after all for the best?" Many readers will say that it is drawn from the fancy of the writer, and yet some will recognize the picture as true as life, barely outlined though it is.—*Journal of Health*.

An Every-Day Coffin.

A horse-back traveler in Georgia, upon meeting a man in a lonely road, was startled by this question:

"Sav, mister, hain't seed nothin' uv a coffin layin' 'round nowhar, have you?"

"A coffin!" the traveler exclaimed.

"Yes, a plain sort uv ever-day coffin. You see, me an' Jim—that's my cousin—was sent up about six miles from here to a wood-work shop to git a coffin fur a ole feller named Giles, that died down in our neighborhood yesterday, an', comin' on back, me an' Jim got outen the wagin to git some water outen a spring. Wall, sir, whut should we find lyin' right in the edge of that spring but a quart-bottle uv liker. Jim says, 'tap her,' an' I says, 'tap her,' Jim says, try her, an' I says, 'try her,' so Jim he then says he'd be dinged ef he didn't, an' he did. Then I tried her, an' Jim says, 'we'll take her along,' an' we tuck her. We driv on, an' ever' once in a while we'd tap her, till it 'peared that we wuz goin' altogether too slow fur sich natchully brash fellers, so we whupped up the ole hosses, an' in runnin' over rocks, hearn the jig that the coffin wuz a dancin' an' we laughed powerful. Atter while the blamed hosses run away, an' we hearn the coffin doin' the buck, an' we hollered awful. 'Bout that time I 'gan ter lose my reckolekshun, an' the next thing that tuck much uv a hold on me wuz the fact that I wa'n't in the wagin a tall, but layin' ag'n a tree. I don't know how long I'd been there, but a right smart while, I reckon. I got up an' sot out to look fur Jim. I found him settin' 'side uv the road wonderin' whut had become uv the team an' the coffin an' me. We knowed it wouldn't do to go back home without that coffin, fur the ole man was a needin' uv it, so ez we didn't know whar all we'd been drivin', Jim he sot out one way an' me the other to look fur it. So, you ain't seed nothin' uv a ordinary coffin, have you?"

"No, I have not."

"Jest a plain every-day coffin?"

"No."

"Cheap, made outen pine, an' intended to fit a man that'll weigh one seventy-five?"

"I haven't seen anything of it."

"Didn't know but you mout have seed it layin' 'side the road. Must have jumped out when we got to runnin' over the big rocks. Ef I recollect, it had a knot-hole in one side. I spoke to the feller about it, but he 'lowed, he did, that a man had to have a r. I hate mightily to go home without it, fur them fellers at the tan-yard will giv me fur los'n it, an' the dead man's wife will be mad enough to fling bilin' water on me. W'y, bless my soul, yander it is!" pointing at something lyin' near the road. "I allus did think I wuz the luckiest feller in the world. Mister ef you will git down an' he'll be up with it up my shoulder. I'll be obliged to you. Woudn't keer, you see, but I'm afeard the boys will giv me."

Of Course It Was Black.

Editor—"How's this, young man? You speak of the fair bride as having hair black as the drive'n snow. Where were you raised?"

Reporter—"In Pittsburgh, sir."

Editor—"Ah, yes."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Blind Man's Ingenuity.

"Will you please set my watch right and tell me what the time is now; it has run down?"

The speaker was blind and he handed a handsome gold stem-winder to a friend. The friend held the watch right, told the time and then handed it back to his blind friend, saying, "Of what use is a watch to you? How can you tell the time?"

"You have just set the watch at a quarter of two," said the blind man, "and now it is full wound up. If I wish to know what the time is this evening I shall rewind the watch and count each of the clicks as I turn the key. There are forty-five clicks, for example. Now I found ten clicks correspond to 100 minutes, so that if there are forty-five clicks it will mean that eight hours and twenty minutes have elapsed since the time the watch was set, making the time five minutes past ten o'clock. I always remember what the time was when I wound it up last, and so by a little care and calculation can always get very near what the time is."—*New York Mail*.

Struck the Wrong Man.

"I've been bothering my wife lately," said a First Ward man to a *Janetville* Gazette reporter, "by ringing the doorbell when I come home to dinner, and then hiding. At first she thought it was some of the youngsters, but finally found out that it wasn't. It began to look as though there might be a surprise party on my hands some day, so I decided to keep still until the family cooled down a little."

"But just as I was coming up at noon the other day I saw somebody on the front steps. He rang the bell just as I always had, and then waited. I knew in a minute there was trouble ahead. My wife was not in the kitchen, but I could see her through the window as she grabbed a broom and started for the door. She came through the front hall with a rush, and when the door came open that broom swung down on the peddler's head so hard that it made his teeth chatter."

"Perhaps you'll play that trick on your poor wife again, will you?" she remarked, cheerfully, swinging the broom around for a cushioned carom. "I think the joke is on my side this time."

The peddler didn't wait to hear any more. The first shock had planted him in a two-foot snow-drift, and when he got out he made a bee-line for the depot. By that time my wife had seen her mistake, and when I came out from behind the fence and walked up to the door she was the most surprised woman that ever lived. She hasn't said a word about door-bells since. But I don't know whether the joke isn't on me after all. When a man's wife can't tell him from a goose-to-seed look agent it is time something was done."

CLEVELAND'S POVERTY.

The President's Early and Prolonged Struggle with Poverty.

Farmers study the conditions surrounding a successful plant in its infancy, but the boyhood of men who make their way to the front attracts comparatively little attention, writes the Washington correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press*.

Take President Cleveland for instance. A good deal has been written about him, but concerning the details of his boyhood not much is known. His grandfather was an Irishman born, from County Clare, and his mother, Annie Neal, barely escaped it by being born in Baltimore just after her parents arrived on shore.

On the paternal side congenital influences were very strong, and eight of President Cleveland's family, grandfather and uncles, have a place of distinction in Appleton's "Cyclopedia of Biography." His great-grandfather died while a guest of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia in 1757, and the great philosopher spoke of him as "humane in his life, easy and affable in his conversation, open and sincere in his friendship, and above every species of meanness and dissimulation." The President's grandfather introduced a bill into the legislature of Connecticut for the abolition of slavery.

Have been asked to what he attributed his careful and precise business habits the President replied: "To the fact that I was often in need of money when I was a boy. I learned, frequently from want of it the exact value of a York shilling, and I learned that shillings could not be honestly earned except by strict economy and great attention to the details of business."

When he was rising at three o'clock in the morning, and walking seven miles and back to earn a York shilling on the Erie Canal, or, later, when he served as chore boy in a country grocery at fifty dollars a year, or, later yet, when a man grog, he tramped through Utica and Syracuse without a dollar in his pocket and could not find anybody to hire him to do a job of work of any sort at any wages, or, still later, when he ransacked Buffalo in vain for days for the chance to serve somebody as office boy, he was reduced to just those extremities which make Anarchists of the cowards and cranks who inveigh against law and destiny.

Mr. Cleveland's neat, symmetrical and rather dainty handwriting was acquired while he was keeping books for the Blind Asylum in New York just as he was sixteen.

Grover is understood to have been a little backward at the "destrict school" of Fayetteville, N. Y., always preferring fishing to fractions. When he was Governor an old man appeared at the Capitol, and introducing himself as the Governor's old schoolmaster, said: "I remember I gave you the birch three times for going fishing in Chenango creek, and I have called to apologize."

"Don't you do it!" said the Governor, "don't you do it! I am very much indebted to the lickings I have received."

"Cheap, made outen pine, an' intended to fit a man that'll weigh one seventy-five?"

"I haven't seen anything of it."

"Didn't know but you mout have seed it layin' 'side the road. Must have jumped out when we got to runnin' over the big rocks. Ef I recollect, it had a knot-hole in one side. I spoke to the feller about it, but he 'lowed, he did, that a man had to have a r. I hate mightily to go home without it, fur them fellers at the tan-yard will giv me fur los'n it, an' the dead man's wife will be mad enough to fling bilin' water on me. W'y, bless my soul, yander it is!" pointing at something lyin' near the road. "I allus did think I wuz the luckiest feller in the world. Mister ef you will git down an' he'll be up with it up my shoulder. I'll be obliged to you. Woudn't keer, you see, but I'm afeard the boys will giv me."

Right to the Point.

Magistrate—"If I discharge you this time, Uncle 'Rastus, what will you do?"

Uncle 'Rastus—"Well, yo' honor, ef yo' discha'ges me I spect I'll off!"—*Harpers Bazar*.

My Old Vag.

I used to try and figure on how much longer he could hold out. He was a man of 50 when I first knew him, and drink and exposure had then made a wreck of him. It's singular about these tramps and vagabonds. Once in awhile there's something in one of them which will make you take to him in spite of his rags and vice and drunkenness. Old Jack was uncouth, red-faced and ragged, but he came in with his hat in his hand and made every effort to keep his legs under him as he said:

"In case you can overlook my present condition I should like to be given a show."

He got it. Thereafter he attached himself to me. I became his banker. The feeling gradually grew upon him that, no matter how luck went with him, he had a reserve to fall back upon. I put him above other vagabonds in point of independence. He invariably used the same words and sentence in addressing me, and I never replied with a word. For the first five or six weeks he went over the whole sentence as I have given it above. Then, as he felt that formality could be dispensed with, he abbreviated it to:

"Overlook my condish and lend me a dime."

It meant the same thing and saved time. He had three regular days in the week for coming, and many a time I have stopped at the postoffice to get change so that he should not be disappointed. The police got hold of him one night and run him in, and he was sent up for thirty days as a vag. I saved out his dimes at regular intervals, piling them up in a pigeon-hole, and on the day he came out he came to see me. There had been a break in our arrangements, and he felt that an explanation was due me. He began clearing his throat to make it, but I handed over the money. He slowly counted it over, found the sum was correct, and went out with the observation:

"We does his ness on a reg'lar system, we does."

As time went by and he felt himself more sold, he abbreviated his "open up address" still further. He came in, staidied himself on the corner of the desk, and said:

"Present condish—ten cents."

He acted as if he expected a kick or a protest on my part, but there was none. I don't think he ever satisfied himself as to my motive in giving. For a long while he must have argued that I was baiting a trap for him, and would some day read him a lecture on temperance and industry, but as the days went by and nothing of the sort occurred he felt more at ease. On several occasions he waited a minute as if anxious to have me ask why he didn't brace up and become a better and different man, but I didn't do it.

Old Jack finally became jealous of me. That is, jealous of his income. One day there was a wrangle in the hall-way. A strange vagabond had come up to hit somebody for a dime, and old Jack had followed after to say to him:

"Who yer going to 'strike, because I've got rights up here?"

"Who he you as talks so b'g! Do you own th's foundry?"

"I say I've got rights as no bundle o' bones must interfere with! You skip!"

"I won't!"

"Then I'll make yer!"

And the strange tramp was hustled down stairs in a manner to damage every square inch of his anatomy. On another occasion, when I was conversing with an old vag on the market, my friend happened to pass. He didn't proceed to violence, but he gave me such a look of reproach that I felt it for a week. There was that in the look which accused me of an intention to swap yags and secure a cheaper one, but after a week or two Jack evidently realized that it was only a chance meeting and that I was not to blame.

One regular pay day I again missed him. He was always on time to the minute, and when he did not show up I was somewhat alarmed. Had the police run him in again? Had the end finally come? I was waiting and wondering, when a bit of a bootblack appeared and handed me a piece of brown wrapping paper on which was scrawled:

"Condish—ten."

Thereafter, every pay day for the next three weeks, the boy came for the money. Neither of us asked a question, but I suspected that old Jack was laid up somewhere with sickness. After the third week the boy ceased to come, nor could I hear of the old man. His "salary" was regularly laid aside for him for six weeks, and then I started out one day to hunt him up. After a long search I found him in a riverside hotel. He had been wild and delirious for many days, and had come out of it only to die. He lay on a bed of rags, his face pinched and drawn and pale, and as I bent over him I was hardly sure of his identity. He knew me at once, and as I took his hand he whispered:

"Condish—ten!"

I put his salary into his palm, and he died grasping it. And now I wonder if he did not say at Heaven's gate:

"In case you can overlook my present condition I should like to be given a show!"—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press*.

Humanity Much Alike Everywhere

The Upsilon.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888.

Gen. Butler Doesn't Like It.
Boston, Mass., Feb. 27.—The Journal to-morrow will print a long interview with Gen. Butler upon the subject of the fishery treaty, in which, after discussing its provisions in detail, the General says: "This treaty is simply as was the treaty of Washington of 1871 and the Halifax arbitration of the fishery question, a surrender of the rights of the United States and the dignity and power of her people to the social influence at Washington of the British aristocracy."—Tribune.

Willis.

To Clifford Sanderson and wife, a boy last Sunday.

Dan Hittingham, who has been quite sick with rheumatic fever, is able to be around again.

A horrible death, one day last week while Mr. Mervin Pool and wife (colored) were in attendance at the funeral of a sister-in-law, in south part of Augusta, one of their girls about eleven years old was burned so severely by her clothes catching fire that she died the next day. In their sad affliction, Pool's folks have the sympathy of every one in this vicinity.

James Nugent arrived home from New York state last Saturday night where he has been on a visit for 3 or 4 weeks, reports having a good time amongst the Excelsors.

Miss Edith Strong of Jerome was visiting at Andrew Fisher's last week.

Mrs. Mary U. Russell was visiting in Monroe Co. last week.

Born to Wm. Thorne and wife, a girl, also to Nelson Ashley and wife a girl.

Mr. Wm. Gotts and Miss Eppa Williams, of Sumpter, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, on the evening of the 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Smart, of Detroit. A company of about fifty friends assembled to witness the ceremony and join in the congratulations. The refreshments served, and the social feast shared, were alike choice. Many beautiful and valuable gifts were presented to the young couple, whose domicile will be established near Rawsonville.

Stony Creek.

Mr. MacMahon is improving.

Mr. E. Bason's eye is troubling him again.

Mrs. J. Sweet is visiting friends at Millford.

Miss Ada Crum, who has been spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. MacMahon, returned to her home in Watkins, N. Y., last week.

Miss Lizzie Pearson has returned from her visit with friends in Superior and Ypsilanti.

The Young People's Club met with Miss Bertha Rogers last Wednesday afternoon and evening. A fine time is reported.

The social at W. Barr's last Friday evening was not very well attended owing to the storm.

Miss Leafa Olcott of Milan is visiting friends in this vicinity.

The whooping cough is quite the rage at this place. All the children have the bark.

The Mission Band held their monthly meeting last Sabbath evening. The program was very interesting. Mrs. J. K. Campbell gave a very interesting article concerning the different religions of the Chinese.

There will be a social at the residence of David Gardner's, March 9. All are cordially invited to attend.

Prof. George of the Normal School gave an interesting lecture on local option to a small but interested audience, last Saturday evening.

I. N. Bumpus lost a valuable horse last week by drowning in the river. He was a full brother to "Jay Eye See."

Lima.

A very pleasant affair took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hindorff of Freedom last Tuesday, it being the marriage of their daughter Christina to John Schotter also of Freedom. The ceremony occurred at 11:30 a. m., after which the assembled guests sat down to a sumptuous feast, not less than two hundred were present, of which your correspondent was one. The afternoon was passed pleasantly, and at the proper time supper was served, and the younger of the company remained to enjoy the festivities of the evening which included dancing. The contracting parties were well known in Lima, and will accept our hearty congratulations. The gifts were many, both useful and pretty, and showed the esteem in which the newly married couple were held.

The good people of Lima met at the M. E. Parsonage at Lima Centre last Wednesday evening. The occasion was a reception to the pastor, Rev. H. Palmer and wife who had been invited in wedlock the day previous at the residence of the bride, Miss M. M. Craig of Unadilla, about one hundred were present, and all enjoyed a good time.

Lodi.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bassett rejoice over the advent of a new daughter.

Adam Clump has lost his only son, a child three months of age.

A. A. Wood attended the banquet at Detroit last week, and from there went to Lansing to attend the meeting of the ex. board of the Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association.

Mr. E. N. Bissell of Shoreland, Vt. the well known sheep breeder, is in town this week, the guest of A. A. Wood. Mr. Bissell is looking over the Michigan flocks in quest of some first class Merino sheep for S. McCaughey of Australia.

Notwithstanding the rough weather and rougher roads of election day, the Germans of this town made a grand effort to get out to vote, in order to preserve for themselves the comfort and enjoyment which according to the Washenaw Post is found in a glass of beer. The comfort of the families of the men who drink the beer is of course, beyond question.

University Notes.

It is understood that twenty-two of the literary students are continuing their vacation by advice of the faculty. Freshmen Medics are enjoying the lectures of Prof. Rogers on Medical Jurisprudence.

A slight blaze in one of the hospital halls, the other night, was promptly extinguished by the road-master and an assistant.

Dr. J. H. Vincent lectured in his usual happy style on "That Boy," to a large audience in University Hall, Saturday evening. He filled the pulpit of the M. E. Church on Sabbath, both morning and evening, to the great satisfaction of a large congregation.

Dr. Lyster has begun his lectures on Theory and Practice of Medicine, and Dr. Gibbs on Pathology. Both are doing work well appreciated by students in those departments.

Prof. Hinsdale, successor to Prof. Payne in the Literary Dept., is well received. There are two more vacancies to supply at the close of the year. Prof. Dewey has accepted a position in the University of Minnesota, and Prof. Schaefer goes to take charge of the Lick Observatory.

Every body is disgusted at the failure of the authorities to preserve decent order at the Monday election.

Parkly Horses.

Good authorities on the horse agree that a balky horse should never be whipped or abused in any manner.

One writer says: "If he won't go, let him stand still and think it over. He will very often think better of it, and after a few moments' reflection, and a few tosses of his head, go on of his own accord; or, if this does not answer, get out of the wagon and pat him, and talk to him kindly. Sometimes it is well to loosen a strap or start a buckle. I have known the mere act of unchecking and rechecking the animal to answer the purpose, and stop a determination to resist. For this same reason an apple, or a bunch of grass from the roadside, or a handful of oats, or a few kernels of corn, will often accomplish what an hour's beating could never effect. If the above does not start him, pat the horse on the neck, examine him carefully, first on one side, then the other; if you can get a handful of grass give it to him, and speak encouragingly to him. Then jump into the wagon and give the word go, and he will generally obey."

2. Taking the horse out of the shafts and turning him around in a circle until he is giddy will generally start him.

3. Take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore legs just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it; tie in a bow knot; at the first click he will probably go dancing off. After going a short distance you can get out and remove the strings to prevent injury to the tendons.

4. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle-girth.

5. Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to the head; this will divert his attention and start him.

Selecting a Horse.

One of the vanities of some men, and a costly one, too, is an ambition to be thought a good judge of horse-flesh. Jockeys, taking advantage of this vanity often turn the silly self-conceit to their own advantage. Mr. Gleason, "Professor of Horse-Training," whose skill in subduing obdurate animals is extraordinary, gives good advice to buyers:

He advises to never select a horse having long ears, lined inside with long, straight hair.

Do not buy one that is narrow between the ears and between the eyes; or that has flat, round eyes, in sunken orbits, and nostrils short and thick; for he will certainly prove a beast of small intelligence, hard to teach, incapable of remembering and liable to be obstinate, just as stupid persons are.

Do not buy the horse that is narrow at the top of the head, bulging between the eyes, and has a sunken, dish-like face between them; for he is sure to be vicious and treacherous.

But take the horse that has short ears, curly hair inside them; that is broad between the ears and eyes, with a regular, straight face, and large, thin nostrils; for in him you will find an intelligent, spirited, yet willing servant and faithful friend, if treated rightly.

Old Farm Wagons.

A good, strong and always reliable wagon is a necessity to every farmer. The loss by breakages and cost of repairs or setting tires and the like on many old wagons kept in use from mistaken ideas of economy will pay heavy interest on a new one. Unless this is kept under shelter, however, when not in use, it will soon become dilapidated. A coat of paint once a year will not only make it look new but will keep it firm and solid for many years. A shrewd wagon maker will often remark that it was not for his interest to have a noteholder, under his wares. Those sold several miles distant he did not regret; but he makes a repair shop as well, and he could make more from near-by farmers' repairing their old wagons than from selling new ones.

Change the Ground.

One mistake in poultry-keeping, a writer in the Homestead says, is in running the hens on the same plot of ground continually. I believe it to be a fact that they will not do as well in the same quarters, even running there a few years. That has been my experience, and I have come to the conclusion that some cheap but warm shelter should be made and every few years removed to an entirely new spot. There is no doubt in my mind that a small flock of hens, well cared for, is good property. The farmer must look out for the little things as well as the larger ones, in order to be successful, and also be prudent and industrious, possessing good judgment and perseverance. If endowed with all of these, he may as well farm in New England as the West, for he will be prosperous in either location without doubt.

Coffee Cake.

One cupful of seeded and chopped raisins, one cupful of sugar, half a cup of butter, ditto of cold, strong coffee, half a cupful of molasses, two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of powdered cloves, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in small cakes.

Pie Crust.

For one pie take one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix well; then add one-half teacup of water. If a flaky top crust is desired take enough dough for one crust, roll thin, spread butter over it and roll up and let it stand while filling in the fruit, when it will be ready for use.

Scalloped Tomatoes.

Scalloped tomatoes are made of alternate layers of peeled and minced tomato and bread or cracker crumbs, beginning and finishing with the vegetable. Moisten the crumbs with milk and bits of butter, or with cream, or cold gravy; bake slowly for a long time.

The Strangest of Paul of Russia.

The conspirators first met and drank deep in the night, so that none of them were really sober when they appeared before Paul. They had already murdered the sentry in the passage, and on finding the door of the Emperor's room offered some resistance, Paul broke it open. He had in his hand when he did so a snuff-box given him by Paul only a few days previously, when the Emperor had spoken to him of a conspiracy on foot, and when Paul had reassured him by asking how that could be, "for if there were such a thing I should be sure to have heard of it."

Now the half-naked Czar confronted Paul with the angry exclamation: "What, you there, Paul!" Beingsen then stepped forward, acting as spokesman for the rest, and told the Emperor that he must abdicate. Up to this moment, thanks to the complicity of the officer on duty at the foot of the staircase, the conspirators had had all their own way but now a noise frightened them and made them fear that a rescue was being attempted. It really came from the Empress's rooms. She, hearing the scuffle ran out and swooned at the knock of Paul's door. An attendant offered a glass of water, but the Cossack on guard in her passage, fearing treachery also in this case, dashed down the glass and ran to fill another from a source which he knew was unpoisoned.

Meanwhile to the frenzy of their deep passions and inspirations, he added the stimulant of fear. Paul must die; he must not be rescued, must not survive to tell who had threatened him, nor even to plot, in an enforced confinement, vengeance on those who had robbed him of power.

He had already tested the trap-door, and, on finding it locked, had given way to a paroxysm of terror and fury. Then it was that the armed men closed in upon him; the brothers Zubov, so eager for revenge, being the keenest, and Nicholas Zubov striking the first blow with a chair. This prostrated him. The sash of Paul seemed to be the weapon most suitable for their purpose, namely, to inflict a violent death which would leave few traces of violence, and which might be ascribed to a fit. The Cossack's sash was tied around the Emperor's neck, and then the officer on guard (a Russian paragon), noticed a strange instance of the divinity which in the native Russian breast, does hedge in the White Czar. All the Russians fell back, and as Beingsen pulled the ends of the scarf to strangulation, they said to each other, aside and in Russian: "It is a dog's trick—better let the German dog do it."

Risky Themes.

It is a sign of the times that what are termed "racy" novels are the most run after by the fiction reading public and consequently those most readily accepted by certain publishers.

In this money-getting, money-grabbing age, some publishers and authors seem to have met on common ground in pandering to a vitiated public taste and producing books which will not bear the test of being read aloud in the home circle. Among the worst offenders in such novel writing are women, who choose risqué subjects to write on, and dwell with a minuteness of detail on topics which the pure-minded of their sex would hesitate to speak of. There are exceptions as we have said—women who write with a purity of purpose books which it is a pleasure to read and reread.

Can any one, looking at the question of nineteenth century light literature from an unprejudiced point of view, say that the style of writing now is an improvement on that which obtained a century ago? The novels of those days were decidedly coarse, their plainness of speech corresponding with the habits and customs of the period; but books were then written with the laudable intention of showing up the foibles, of which they treated, and if possible fashioning such vices by pungent and scathing satire; thus being in advance of fashionable modern society novels, which though more refined in speech are more destructive to morality, in that the authors gloss over sin, picturing it in alluring colors, wrapping it up in sensuous word painting, and while professing to disapprove, yet setting it before youthful imagination in anything but its hideous reality; or else write in such matter-of-fact, every-day commonplace a sort of a light of vice as to rob it of its actual criminality.—Chambers' Journal.

Nationally of European Monarchs.

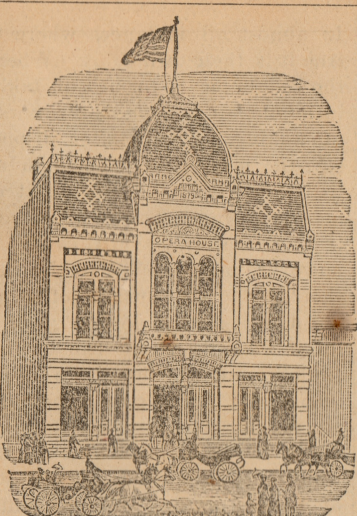
It is a curious fact that there is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, pure sang, as the people governed. The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Habsburgs were Swiss. And if the Emperor Francis Joseph be not, strictly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is king of Hungary. The king of the Belgians is a Saxe-Coburg; the king of Denmark a Holsteiner; the king of Denmark a Holsteiner; the king of Italy a Savoyard; the king of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners; the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden was born at Paris less than a century ago; the czar is a Holsteiner; Gottorp, and the king of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner. Even in the British royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Swabians, and therefore partly Bavarian and partly German; was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with.

The Tables Turned.

Old Jacob Barker, one of the early lights of Wall street, once took offense at some action of his bank. A few days after he presented \$40,000 in bills—a much larger amount than the same figures represent nowadays—and demanded specie for them. The bank officials were equal to the emergency, but thought to revenge themselves for the scare Barker had given them; so they rolled out 40 kegs of \$1,000 each, the teller explaining that the kegs were filled with 5 and 10 cent pieces. Barker saw the point, and justified his reputation for shrewdness. He ordered the whole 40 kegs to be unheaded on the spot, took a careless handful of coin from each keg, then calmly said that he desired to have the remainder placed to his credit. The bank had to lose his valuable custom or take his money, so it chose the latter; but the monetary content of the forty kegs' contents consumed many a profligate hour.

Apples for Stock.

Feed the wind falls and other inferior fruit, especially if the crop be heavy, to farm animals will be the better off for receiving some. Cows given a few daily will improve in flesh, appearance and the yield of milk. Feed to sheep in connection with hay and grain, they tone up the system of these to great effect. The richer sort of apples will be worth the most if kept by themselves and turned into the swine; they will help along fattening perceptibly. Boiling or steaming them for swine is an advantage. The very relish that horses have for apples, is enough to indicate how beneficial they must be to them as food.



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ONE NIGHT ONLY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

The talented young actress, Miss

Julia Marlowe!

Supported by her own company, in the play in 5 acts,

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Parthenia, Miss Julia Marlowe.

Usual Prices of Admission

Reserved Seats for sale at Dodge's.

NEXT WEEK—Ezra Kendall and Minnie Madden.

New Flour & Feed Store

RATHFON BROS.

have opened a new Flour and Feed Store in the building on Washington street lately occupied by Bennett's livery, where they are prepared to buy and sell all kinds of

GRAIN AND FEED

A scale has been erected in front, and their facilities are first-class.

They solicit a share of the patronage, and invite all to come in and see them.

HURON STREET HARDWARE

CHAS. M. NORTON,

Successor to J. H. Samson.

Huron St., Opposite Sanitarium.

The store is freshly stocked with a complete assortment of

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE,

STOVES.

Cutlery, Tools, Fence Wire,

ETC., ETC.

An EXPERT TINNER is employed, and all kinds of shop work thoroughly and promptly executed. Estimates on Roofing and Guttering Furnished.

Everything regarding quality and prices of goods will be done to merit the confidence of the public.

A Valuable Prescription Free!!

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EMPORIUM

For anything that should be found in a stock of

Drugs, Books, Jewelry,

Wall-Paper, Paints, Notions,

OR FANCY GOODS.

Frank will be glad to see you, and will take less money from you than any other dealer in the county, and you may always feel sure of the best goods and no mistakes made.

The largest stock of Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Trusses of all kinds, and prices always better than one-quarter off.

"TOULON--TOULOUSE."

This was the answer to the conundrum, What two French cities are suggested by the little man's bad fitting pants? A more satisfactory answer as to what ailed the pants would be that they were not bought of

Alban & Johnson

THE LEADING

CLOTHIERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS,

YPSILANTI, MICH.

All of their Clothing Fits, it is well made, it is just as represented, it embraces everything in the line,

—AND—

PRICES ARE LOW!

Come in and see for yourselves.

One Rule For All—"SPOT CASH!"

HOW DOES IT WORK? SPLENDID.

We spend no time working on books as you see men doing who give time on goods or use the credit system. We save the worth of that labor and extra profit they have to charge for worthless accounts, and give the benefit to our customers.

We pay spot cash for produce, and keep the very best; we buy no adulterated goods; we spend our time in looking up bargains for our customers and waiting upon them promptly when they call; and our prices induce them to call twice.

If you want a cup of as fine Black Tea as you ever drank call for some of ours; we sell it at a spot cash price. Bring a silver dollar and see how much first-class Japan Tea you can get for it at the Spot Cash Store.

Bring your finest quality of fresh sweet butter and get cash for it.

We endeavor to keep an assortment of goods in our line and turn them often. The interest on money for a six months' over stock will eat up a satisfactory margin for us. Six bars of Bouncer Soap for 25 cents. All goods sold on Cash Margins at

DEVOE'S SPOT CASH GROCERY,

MEAT MARKET,

Flour and Feed Store!

Harris Bros. & Co.

New Line of Kennedy's Sweet Goods. Those Cocoa Nut Macaronis are fine. Oneida Community Mince Meat. Try those Cough Cherries. Fresh Fruits and Confectionery this week. New Maple Syrup.

Harris Bros. & Co.

FOR SALE--A RARE BARGAIN!

\$1,7000.00

Will buy the

House and Lot 151 West Main St.

Now occupied by C. N. Ellis. For particulars address,

E. S. GARDNER,
2427* JEFFERSON, WIS.

SUBURBAN HOME!

FOR SALE.

Grand opportunity to secure a first-class home, 20 acres, with Splendid Residence, superb location Forest Avenue east, just outside of city limits. 10 acres Small Fruits in fine condition. Price and terms desirable. Call early.

J. N. WALLACE.

Or address, T. B. MOON, Deontons, Mich. 2538

Ypsilanti Savings Bank

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GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

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allowed on all savings deposits of \$1 and upwards, compounded every six months.

Savings Department opens every Saturday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock for deposits.

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No theory or text-book work; everything is real, the same as in the outside world. Visitors cordially invited. Circulars on application.

P. R. CLEARY,

Principal.

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CITY MEAT MARKET

HURON ST.

We have the largest and best stock of Fresh and Salt Meats, etc., in the city. Call and see.

Smoked Ham, - - - 12 Cents
Smoked Bacon, - - - 12 Cents
Smoked Shoulders, - - - 8 Cents

H. FAIRCILD & CO.

Chronic Diseases a Specialty!

DR. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Sanitarium, where he is prepared to examine and treat all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of

CATARH, THROAT, LUNG,

—AND—

EYE AND EAR DISEASES!

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unable to find glasses can have their eyes examined and glasses made to order. Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 19 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 4 p. m.